



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



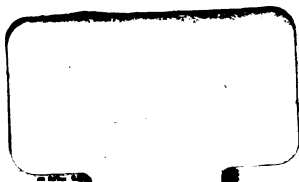
RADCLIFFE COLLEGE LIBRARY

Schlesinger Library

WOMAN'S ARCHIVES

Gift of

Mrs. Herbert Hosmer





THE DISTAFF SERIES

THE DISTAFF SERIES.

16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 00 each.

WOMAN AND THE HIGHER EDUCATION. Edited by
ANNA C. BRACKETT.

THE LITERATURE OF PHILANTHROPY. Edited by
FRANCES A. GOODALE.

EARLY PROSE AND VERSE. Edited by ALICE MORSE
EARLE and EMILY ELLSWORTH FORD.

THE KINDERGARTEN. Edited by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

HOUSEHOLD ART. Edited by CANDACE WHEELER.

SHORT STORIES. Edited by CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

 *For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*

Early PROSE and VERSE

EDITED BY

ALICE MORSE EARLE
AND
EMILY ELLSWORTH FORD



NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
MDCCCXCIII

Copyright, 1893, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

All rights reserved.

810

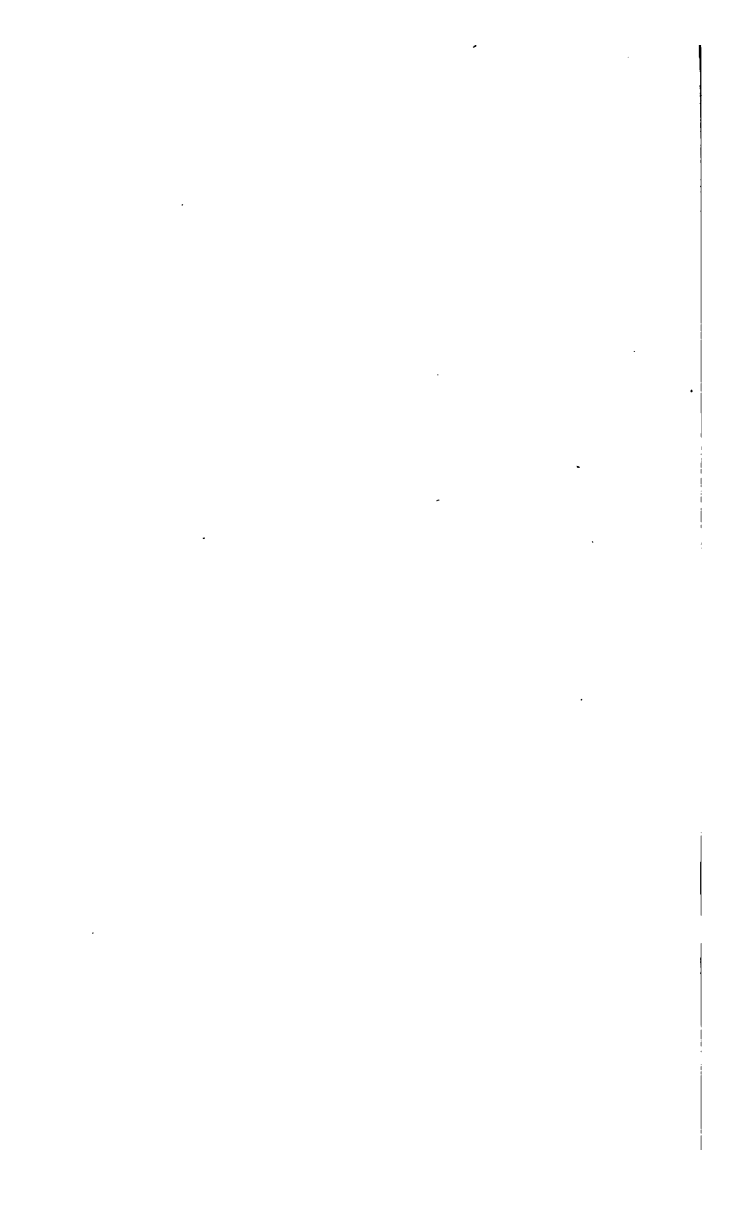
512-

CONTENTS.

	Page
EARLY PROSE	3
BY ALICE MORSE EARLE.	
INTRODUCTORY ESSAY—EARLY POETRY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK . . .	104
BY EMILY ELLSWORTH FORD.	
THE ART OF COQUETRY	136
BY MRS. CHARLOTTE LENNOX.	
AN ODE	142
BY MRS. CHARLOTTE LENNOX.	
HYMN TO APOLLO	144
BY MRS. CHARLOTTE LENNOX.	
THAUMANTIA AND FAME	146
BY MRS. ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.	
TO MRS. D——.	147
BY MRS. ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.	
BELISARIUS	149
BY MRS. MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES.	
TO THE MOON	153
BY MRS. MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES.	
DEDICATION	155
BY MARIA JAMES.	

	Page
THE WHIP-POOR-WILL	156
THE BROOM	158
BY MARIA JAMES.	
THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE	161
BY MRS. LAVINIA STONE STODDARD.	
SI JE TE PERDS, JE SUIS PERDU	163
BY MRS. JULIA RUSH CUTLER WARD.	
QUEEN ELIZABETH	166
BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.	
CHARADE	170
BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.	
TO PEACE	172
BY MRS. SUSAN PINDAR EMBURY.	
BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR	173
BY MRS. SUSAN PINDAR EMBURY.	
SONG	175
BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.	
ECHO	176
BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.	
THE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BUNKER HILL APPEAL	177
BY LUCY HOOPER.	
"I AM YET A KING!"	180
BY LUCY HOOPER.	
PEBBLES	183
BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.	
THE TWO VOICES	184
BY MARY ELIZABETH MOORE HEWITT.	
JUNE	186
BY MARY NOEL MEIGS McDONALD.	

	Page
FROM "FELICITA"	191
BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.	
THE APRIL RAIN	193
BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.	
STRENGTH FROM THE HILLS	196
BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.	
MY LIFE	198
BY ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE.	
ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP	199
BY MRS. EMMA HART WILLARD.	
THE CHOSEN TREE	201
BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.	
RETIREMENT	204
BY PHOEBE HINSDALE BROWN.	
TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY	205
BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.	
TO MY PEN	210
PYGMALION	214
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.	
TO MISS A. C. L——.	216
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.	



INTRODUCTION.

THE series of collections of which this volume is a part is made up of representative work of the women of the State of New York in periodical literature.

This literature has been classified under its conspicuous divisions—Poetry, Fiction, History, Art, Biography, Translation, Literary Criticism, and the like.

A woman of eminent success in each department has then been asked to make a collection of representative work in that department, to include in it an example of her own work, and to place her name upon the volume as its Editor.

These selections have been made, as far as possible, chronologically, beginning with the earliest work of the century, in order that the volumes may carry out the plan of the

"Exhibit of Women's Work in Literature in the State of New York," of which they are an original part.

The aim of this Exhibit was to make for the Columbian Exposition a record of literary work, limited, through necessity, both by sex and locality, but, as far as possible, accurate and complete, and to preserve this record in the State Library in the Capitol at Albany.

It includes twenty-five hundred books, beginning with the works of Charlotte Ramsay Lennox, the first-born female author of the province of New York, published in London in 1752, closing with the pages of a translation of Herder, still wet from the press, and comprising the works of almost every author in the intervening one hundred and forty years.

It includes also three hundred papers read before the literary clubs of the State, a summary of the work of all writers for the press, and the folios which preserve the work of many able women who have not published books.

The women of the State of New York have had the honor of decorating and furnishing the Library of the Woman's Building. Believing

the best equipment of a library to be literature, they have therefore prepared this Exhibit; and have made its character comprehensive and historic, in order that it may not be temporary, but that it may be preserved in the State Library, and may have permanent value for future lovers and students of Americana.

BLANCHE WILDER BELLAMY,

*Chairman of the Committee on Literature
of the Board of Women Managers of the
State of New York*



EARLY PROSE AND VERSE.

EARLY PROSE.

BY ALICE MORSE EARLE.

THE literary productions of women born or resident in the Province or State of New York during the eighteenth century are few in number, difficult now to find for consultation or comparison, much more difficult to purchase, and when obtained disappointing to a degree, being pretentious compositions that, as a rule, are jejune, dull, and sapless in the extreme. In all these qualities they in no way differ from the scanty initial efforts at authorship of the brothers, husbands, and indeed of many of the sons of the fair writers. The literary element in New York in early days was absolutely lacking; there was scarcely a literary society. When New England could boast scores of prolific men of letters, though very sombre and dull and pedantic men of letters many of them were, New York made

but a poor showing. The Dutch clergymen were scholarly men, so testified the English chaplain, but shone not in composition—in fact scarcely attempted it. The rector of Trinity Church, in New York, was intelligent, but given over to spending his wit in fruitless disputation. With the emigration to and settlement in New York of folk of Scotch blood and brains and energy came the germs of New York literature.

In the first two volumes of the "Library of American Literature," edited by Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson, of the one hundred and twenty-five colonial authors named, but six, in any sense, could be called of New York. Of these, two were but short sojourners there—Charles Wolley, an English chaplain under Andros, lived but four years in New York, and wrote a journal of his life there; and John Miller, another chaplain, who lived three years in New York, and wrote a description of the city. Daniel Denton, a settler of Jamaica, Long Island, wrote a brief account of the colony. Cadwallader Colden, properly the first New York author, did not come to the State to live until he was thirty years old.

William Livingstone, the first native-born New York author, and William Smith, also a native of the State, and its historian, end the short list. These three were all of Scotch or Scotch-Irish blood. I think Charlotte Lennox, who was born and lived in New York till she was fifteen years old, and Anne Grant, who spent her youth from three to thirteen years of age there, might with equal propriety be added; and both have, I am sure, far more literary pretensions than any of the above-named masculine authors. As Charlotte Lennox was born in 1720, three years before William Livingstone, it thus chances that the first native-born New York author was a woman.

It was not until the liberty of the Press was assailed in New York City that a glowing spark of patriotism, a demand for freedom of speech, and unrestricted presentation to the public of such speech, kindled the latent intelligence, and evinced the possible literary capacity of the men of New York; then they burst forth in print, in crude but forcible sallies of wit and satire and argument. When editor Zenger and his associates stoutly contended for the right to say

what they pleased of the Governor and the Government in the little *New York Weekly Journal*, they builded better than they knew; without any great literary skill of their own, they laid the foundation for a New York State literature. In the years succeeding a woman took a hand in this newspaper work—the widow Zenger carried on the *Journal* after the death of her husband, and did it pretty well too.

By Revolutionary times the patriotic spirit of revolt and the controversies resultant had developed a few other New York authors—James Rivington and Joseph Stansbury, both born in England; Thomas Jones, John Jay, Robert Livingstone, Philip Freneau, Benjamin Young Prime, Gouverneur Morris, and Alexander Hamilton—not a long list. Hector de Crevecoeur might also be added.

One fatal obstacle to the pursuit or performance of any literary work in those early days was the hybridization of language. New Yorkers spoke neither perfect Dutch nor good English. When the Governor, Rip Van Dam, could speak English but poorly, his speech being “corrupted by

the Dutch dialect;" and when in many townships it was difficult to gather an English-speaking jury, the conditions were not favorable for the production of any literature in the English tongue—nor, for that matter, in the Dutch either.

Though we have no tales, no volumes of poems by Dutch women, yet there is some proof that

" . . . the poetic itch
That seized the court and city, poor and
rich,"

was not wholly shut out from Dutch homes. I have seen manuscript poems in Dutch of some length and considerable merit, written by New York women; one of twenty - two verses, by Cornelia Kroesen, dated 1754; another, a religious poem written to her parents, by Elizabeth Remsen, of Flatlands, Long Island, in 1750, when she was lying sick away from home.

But as a rule the women of the early Dutch families did not shine as prodigies of book-learning.

"Those ancient dames of high renown,
The Knickerbockers and the Rapailjes,

With high heeled shoes and ample tenfold
gown,
Green worsted hose with clocks of crimson rays,"

were more given to homely housewifely duties, to spinning and weaving and knitting, to cooking and brewing, to keeping their tidy, thrifty houses in spotless cleanliness, than to the mysteries of reading and writing. "In those good days of simplicity and sunshine a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife," says tergiversating Diedrich Knickerbocker of these Dutch vrouws. And his words are confirmed by the traveller Kalm, who wrote in 1749 of the women of Albany, attributing to them also Montaigne's "supreme quality in a woman—economy:" "The women are perfectly well acquainted with Oeconomy; they rise early, go to sleep very late and are almost over nice and cleanly in regard to the floor, which is frequently scoured several times a week."

Had these good housewives been bold enough or erratic enough to think much of

literary composition, we can imagine the sober, phlegmatic mynheers writing with more disgust than did broad-minded, gentle Governor Winthrop of a Puritanical blue-stocking, when he said :

Mr. Hopkins, the governor of Hartford upon Connecticut, came to Boston and brought his wife with him (a godly young woman, and of special parts) who was fallen into a sad infirmity, the loss of her understanding and reason, which had been growing upon her divers years, by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing, and had written many books. Her husband being very loving and tender of her, was loath to grieve her ; but he saw his error when it was too late. For if she had attended her household affairs and such things as belong to women, and had not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her.

I doubt much if any New York dame of colonial days, of Dutch, English, or Scotch

blood, ever lost her wits by o'er-burning the midnight oil either in study or composition. The exact status of intelligence and education of New York women in general has been very clearly stated by a contemporary authority. William Smith, the historian of New York, wrote thus in 1756 of his fellow-townswomen :

The Ladies in Winter are frequently entertained either at Concerts of Musick or Assemblies and make a very good Appearance. They are comely and dress well and scarce any of them have distorted Shapes. Tinctured with a Dutch education they manage their Families with becoming Parsimony, good Providence and singular Neatness. There is nothing they so generally neglect as Reading, and indeed all the Arts for the improvement of the Mind, in which I confess we have set them the example. They are modest temperate and charitable, naturally sprightly sensible and good humored, and by the Helps of a more elevated Education would possess all the Accomplishments Desirable in the Sex. Our Schools are in the Lowest Order ; the Instructors want Instruction and through a long shameful Neglect of the Arts and Sciences our

Common Speech is very corrupt and the Evidences of a bad Taste both as to Thought and Language are visible in all our proceedings Publick and private.

Though this testimony shows that there existed a most deplorably low state of educational and literary possibilities and resources in New York, I cannot think the picture of the New York wife anything but thoroughly alluring ; nor can I see that any woman who was comely, well-dressed, economical, neat, modest, temperate, charitable, sprightly, sensible, and good-humored needed any further charms. Contemporary New York husbands thought so likewise. The first native New York poet, William Livingstone, thus gave, in 1747, in his "Philosophic Solitude," his notion of what a wife should be:

Charms ill supply the want of innocence
Nor beauty forms intrinsic excellence,
Sublime her reason and her native wit
Unstained with pedantry and low conceit,
Her fancy lively and her judgment free
From female prejudice and bigotry.
The fop's impertinence she should despise
Though sorely wounded by her radiant eyes;

But pay due reverence to the exalted mind
By learning polished and by wit refined
Who all her virtues without guile com-
mends

And all her faults as freely reprehends.

Governor Livingstone was indeed a man
“by learning polished and by wit refined,”
but men of his ilk were few in number in
New York in his day.

Mrs. Anne Grant, writing in the “Memoirs
of an American Lady” of the childhood days
of Mrs. Colonel Schuyler, gives additional
proof of the methods of education and man-
ner of occupation of the women of the mid-
dle of the century :

It was at that time very difficult to pro-
cure the means of instruction in those inland
districts ; female education of consequence
was conducted on a very limited scale ;—girls
learnt needle work (in which they were in-
deed both skilful and ingenious) from their
mothers and aunts ; they were taught too
at that period to read in Dutch the Bible
and a few Calvinist tracts of the devotional
kind. But in the infancy of the settlement
few girls read English ; when they did they
were thought accomplished ; they generally

spoke it however imperfectly, and a few were taught writing. . . . Not only the care of children but of plants, such as needed peculiar care or skill to rear them, was the female province. Every one in town or country had a garden; but all the more hardy plants grew in the fields in rows amidst the hills, as they were called, of Indian corn. These lofty plants sheltered them from the sun, while the same hoeing served for both; there cabbages potatoes and other esculent roots, with variety of gourds grew to a great size. Into the garden no foot of man intruded after it was dug in spring. I think I see yet what I have so often beheld in town and country, a respectable mistress of a family going out to her garden, in an April morning, with her great calash, her little painted basket of seeds, and her rake over her shoulders to her garden of labours. A woman in very easy circumstances and abundantly gentle in form and manners would sow and plant and rake incessantly. These fair gardeners too were great florists.

Mrs. Grant writes thus of her own education:

The year 1762 came and found me at Albany; if not wiser, more knowing. Again

I was shut up in a fort solitary and solemn ; I had no companion, and I was never allowed to go out, except with my mother, and that was very seldom indeed. All the fine forenoons I sat, and sewed ; and when others went to play in the evening, I was very often sent up to a large waste room to get a long task by heart of something very grave and repulsive. In this waste room however lay an old tattered dictionary, Baileys I think, which proved a treasure to me ; the very few books we had being all religious or military. I had returned to my Milton which I conned so industriously that I got it by heart as far as I went ; yet took care to go no further than I understood. To make out this point when any one encouraged me by speaking kindly to me, I was sure to ask the meaning of some word or phrase ; and when I found people were not at all willing or able to gratify me, I at length had recourse to my waste room and tattered dictionary, which I found a perpetual fountain of knowledge. Consequently the waste room, formerly a gloomy prison, which I thought of with horror, became now the scene of all my enjoyment ; and the moment I was dismissed from my task, I flew to it with anticipated delight ; for there were

my treasures, Milton, and the ragged dictionary, which was now become the light of my eyes. I studied the dictionary with indefatigable diligence; which I now began to consider as very entertaining. I was extremely sorry for the fallen angels, deeply interested in their speeches, and so well acquainted with their names, that I could have called the roll of them with all the ease imaginable. Time ran on, I was eight years old, and quite uneducated except reading and plain-work.

There was in New York at that time a fashionable, wealthy, and gay circle, such as could scarcely be found outside the town. Of Albany Mrs. Bleecker wrote: "Albany became unsupportable to me. I would rather have lived in Rolando's Cavern than in that unsociable, illiterate, stupid town. I prefer solitude to such company." She never was fond of what she called "tea-table talk and politicks."

But a new order of things was rising. Lambert wrote, soon after the Revolutionary War:

It has become the fashion in New York to attend lectures on moral philosophy,

chemistry, mineralogy, botany, mechanics ; and the ladies in particular have made considerable progress in these studies ; several young ladies have displayed their abilities in writing, and some of their novels and fugitive pieces of poetry and prose evince much taste and judgment and two or three have distinguished themselves.

He also adds, apparently with surprise, that some married ladies even were seen at these lectures.

Among these "young ladies who displayed their abilities" was, I suppose, "The Young Lady of the State of New York" who published, in 1798, "The Fortunate Discovery or the History of Henry Villars." This was the first novel written by a woman resident in New York, as the "Story of Maria Kittle," by Ann Eliza Bleecker, is but a short sketch.

As I could find no trace of this book in New York libraries, it seemed to be a veritable ghost, a wraith of a book ; but on the shelves of the American Antiquarian Society, where are found not only the noblest old monuments of literature, but many of the bones and ashes of dead books, I unearthed the little dingy, time-stained volume. The

story is told in New York, but is thoroughly English in character, and largely so in action. An English gentleman, Mr. Villars, living with his family in the upper part of New York State in Revolutionary times, succors and nurses to health a British officer, who promptly falls in love with Miss Villars. The officer's friend proves to be Mr. Villars's long lost son, and marries Miss Villars's young woman friend, to whom and by whom are written interminable and insipid letters, which tell the progress of the story. In the end all turn out to be lords and ladies of as high degree as any American could wish.

The book, with its "La me's" and "alacks" and "alases" and "forsooths" on every page, is but a dismal and barren forerunner of many other banal novels written in succeeding years by many other "Ladies of the State of New York."

This special "Lady" was not, I fancy, the "Lady of New York" who wrote the "Letters from the Old World," published in 1840, nor was she apparently the "Lady of New York" who wrote in 1822 "A Medley of Joy and Grief, being a Selection of Original Pieces of Prose and Verse," which, though

indorsed by six good and presumably truthful clergymen, I can truly say enjoys the negative distinction of being the very worst literary production I ever read, except Lord Timothy Dexter's "Pickle for the Knowing Ones."

Occasionally a New York magazine or newspaper at this date enclosed within its shabby shell an exceedingly small and dingy and unhealthy pearl of a story by some woman whose identity was carefully and modestly concealed under a pseudonyme, a seclusion which we will not now attempt to penetrate, lest we discover some hitherto respected name. The fair "Lucinda" or "Artemisia" indeed builded better than she knew when she concealed her authorship of these inanities from succeeding generations, and herself, in consequence, from disparaging ridicule.

Throughout the decade succeeding the Revolutionary War few New York authors appeared; but in 1850 a writer could speak of the first half of the nineteenth century—the first twenty years indeed—as "the Augustan Age of American Literature." Whether that name were correctly applied

or not, there certainly was a vast increase of literature in New York State, and men of letters abounded, forming what General James Grant Wilson calls the Knickerbocker school. Such names as Washington Irving, James K. Paulding, G. C. Verplanck, Thomas S. Fay, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, William Leggett, Robert C. Sands, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Samuel Woodworth, S. G. Drake, George P. Morris, J. Fenimore Cooper, and N. P. Willis, show the quality of the literary work. In reading the magazines of the times, we find, to quote Pope's lines,

“All those who cannot write, and those who
can,
All rhyme and scrawl and scribble to a
man—”

and to a woman, too. For women, being ever, as Sir Thomas Brown phrased it, “complexionally propense to innovation,” were spurred on by the sight of literary composition on every side, and began to write, some on educational subjects, as Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Bethune, and others, fairly founded a religious and sentimental school

that numbered its members by scores. In 1831 the ninth volume of the *New York Mirror* opened with a long poetical production, somewhat in the form of a play and chorus, in which the Muses Nine, the printer's devil, the publishers of the *Mirror*, and prominent contributors, all were represented. Every author whose productions had been published in the *Mirror*, men about town, and all the artists of the day, were named, and had to bear some mild satirical sally. The women contributors received scant notice from the bard, being lumped together thus, in most cases merely their pseudonyms being given :

Thus in poesy divine
Many a gem for us does shine,
Here is Huntley's sweetness stealing,
Here is Embury's depth and feeling,
Thyrza, Isabel and Cora,
Hinda, Jane, Estelle and Nora.
Woodbridge, Iolante, Delia,
Mary, Emma and Amelia,
Bogert gentle, Muzzy tender,
[F]s and * * * of every gender
Signs and Greek initials plenty
A. B. C. the four and twenty.

Many surmises were made as to the author of this poem, which made quite a stir in town among New York cits and poets. It is now generally attributed to an Englishman, an artist named Mason.

It is impossible fully to know to-day the amount of work done by this throng of prolific authors. I have by me an unpublished list of Mrs. Embury's writings, recently compiled by her daughter from her letters, which shows, besides her printed books and collections, the names of two hundred poems, stories, and sketches, printed in the press and periodicals of the day, and includes one stirring address on the education of women. All these, as do the works of her fellow-writers of the same school, show a gentle and pious womanliness, not the utterances of the greatest thoughts, nor discovering great opulence of thought, nor great genius—no “flush of rose on peaks divine,” but simply that the writers attempted, as Miss Sedgwick said of herself, “to supply mediocre readers with small moral hints on various subjects that come up in daily life”—that they “ essayed to do good in the world.” The greatest failing of the members of this “Moral School”

was evinced perhaps in the over-sentimental and dispersive tendency of their work ; but as they are not properly among the earliest New York prose writers, they are "imper-tinent to our intentions," and we will linger no longer, either to praise or to condemn, in what Browning would call this woman-country of literature.

The first New York author was then Charlotte Lennox, though, as I write the words, I can imagine the clumsy shade of "the ponderous mass of Johnson's frame" roaring out a turgid and scathing denunciation of our presumptuous assumption as an American, as a New Yorker, of his admired companion, in whom he found the "endearing elegance of female friendship." I shall not dwell on the picturesque side of her long life (for she lived to be eighty-four years old), nor tell of the adulation received almost universally from English men of letters by the "inimitable and shamefully distress'd author of the Female Quixote." She passed through many vicissitudes of fortune, many varied and trying experiences, and some very amusing ones, the chief one recorded in full for us being the "all-night sitting," at the

Devil Tavern in London, of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Lennox, with "one female acquaintance" and about twenty men—the fair author crowned with laurel—drinking lemonade and tea, and eating of a "magnificent hot apple-pye stuck with bay-leaves," until eight o'clock in the morning.

She left behind her, as token of her genius, sixteen books. All now are rare. Though she was said to be modest, she was not too modest to attempt to show that Shakespeare had spoiled the stories upon which his plays were founded, nor too modest to dare to write plays, which, when brought into the world, were too weak to draw a single breath, were hissed down before the first performance was ended. Her "Female Quixote" was most popular in its day, and I can well understand why. Austin Dobson says the characters therein are "shrill-voiced, wire-jointed, High Life puppets," and, indeed, they are artificial to a degree. But the book was written for a day of artificiality, in teacup time of hoop and hood, when literature had "donned a modish dress to charm the Town." Yet even to-day I do not find these puppets, "whom

folly pleases and whose follies please," that talk of "the usual Topicks of Conversation among Young Ladies, their Winnings and Losings at Brag and Quadrille, the prices of robins and lustrings, the newest Fashions in roquelaures and cardinals, the best Hair cutter and Wigmaker," dull to listen to through half a dozen chapters. To quote the author: they "gigle in secret behind their fans at the play; let their squirrels peep out of their pockets, ogle, and mince in rouge and feathers, are Lovely Dangerous Inchanting Irresistible at Pump Room, Parade, the Rooms at Ranelagh or Ridotto." Let us go with the fair Arabella, the Female Quixote, whose head is filled with wild notions from romance-reading, on her first visit to the pump-room at Bath, to her first rout—though her trip to Vauxhall is far more amusing, but being highly to the taste of that day is rather too high in color for the taste of our day:

BOOK VII.—CHAPTER 4.

In which one of our Heroin's Whims is justified by some others full as whimsical.

Miss Glanville, who had eagerly enquired what Company was then in the Place, and

heard there were a great many Persons of Fashion just arrived, prest Arabella to go to the Pump-Room the next morning, assuring her she would find a very agreeable Amusement.

Arabella accordingly consented to accompany her; and being told the Ladies went in an Undress in a Morning, she accommodated herself to the Custom, and went in a negligent Dress, but instead of a Capuchin, she wore something like a Veil of black Gauze, which covered almost all her Face and part of her Waist, and gave her a very singular appearance.

Miss Glanville was too envious of her Cousins Superiority in point of Beauty to inform her of any Oddity in her Dress which she thought might expose her to the Ridicule of those that saw her; and Mr. Glanville was too little a Critic in Ladies Apparel to be sensible that Arabella was not in the Fashion; and since everything she wore became her extremely he could not choose but think she drest admirably well. He handed her therefore, with a great deal of satisfaction into the Pump-Room, which happened to be greatly crouded that Morning.

The attention of Most Part of the Company was immediately engaged by the Ap-

pearance Lady Bella made. Strangers are here most strictly criticized, and every new Object affords a delicious Feast of Raillery and Scandal.

The Ladies, alarmed at the Singularity of her Dress, crouded together in Parties; and the words, Who can she be? Strange Creature; Ridiculous, and other Exclamations of the same Kind were whispered very intelligibly.

The Men were struck with her Figure, veiled as she was; Her fine Stature, the beautiful Turn of her Person, the Grace and Elegance of her Motion, attracted all their Notice: The Phænomena of the Veil however gave them great disturbance. So lovely a Person seemed to promise the Owner had a Face not unworthy of it; but that was totally hid from their View. For Arabella at her entrance into the Room had pulled the Gauze quite over her Face, following therein the Custom of the Ladies in Clelia and the Grand Cyrus, who, in mixed companies always hid their Faces with great Care.

The Wits and Pretty-Fellows railed at the Envious Covering and compared her to the Sun obscured by a Cloud; while the Beaux dem'd the horrid Innovation and ex-

pressed a fear lest it should grow into a Fashion.

Some of the wiser Sort took her for a Foreigner; others of still more Sagacity supposed her a Scots Lady covered with her Plaid, and a third Sort infinitely wiser than either concluded that she was a Spanish Nun that had Escaped from a Convent and had not yet quitted her Veil. . . .

In the meantime Miss Glanville was got amidst a Croud of her Acquaintance, who had hardly paid the Civilities of a first Meeting, before they eagerly inquired, who that Lady she brought with her was.

Miss Glanville informed them that she was her cousin and Daughter to the deceased Marquis of —, adding with a Sneer, That she had been brought up in the Country; knew nothing of the World, and had some very peculiar Notions, as you may see, said she, by that odd kind of Covering she wears.

Her Name and Quality were presently whispered all over the Room; The Men, hearing she was a great Heiress, found greater Beauties to admire in her Person; The Ladies aw'd by the Sanction of Quality, dropt their Ridicule on her Dress, and began to quote examples of whims full as excusable.

One remembered that Lady J. T. always wore her Ruffles reversed; that the Countess of — went to Court in a Farthingale; that the Duchess of — sat astride upon a Horse; and a certain Lady of great Fortune, and nearly allied to Quality, because she was not dignified with a Title, invented a new one for herself; and directed her Servants to say in speaking to her, Your Honoress, which afterwards became a Custom among all her Acquaintance, who mortally offended her, if they Omitted that Instance of Respect.

BOOK VII.—CHAPTER 7.

In which the Author condescends to be very minute in the Description of our Heroïn's dress.

Miss Glanville had no Reluctance at seeing Arabella prepare for publick Appearance the next Ball Night.

Having consulted her Fancy in a rich Silver Stuff she had bought for that Purpose, a Person was sent for to make it and Arabella who followed no Fashion but her own Taste, which was form'd on the Manners of the Heroïnes, order'd the woman to make her a Robe after the same model as the Princess Julia's.

The Mantua-maker, who thought it

might do her great Prejudice with her new Customer, to acknowledge she knew nothing of the Princess Julia or the Fashion of her Gown, replied at Random and with great Pertness,

That Taste was quite out; and she would advise her Ladyship to have her Cloaths made in the present Mode which was far more becoming.

You can never persuade me said Arabella that any Fashion can be more becoming than that of the Princess Julia's who was the most gallant Princess upon earth and knew better than any other how to set off her Charms. It may indeed be a little obsolete now, pursued she, for the Fashion could not but alter a little in the Compass of near two thousand Years.

Two thousand Years! Madam, said the Woman, in a great Surprise; Lord help us trades people if they did not alter a thousand Times in as many Days. I thought your Ladyship was speaking of the last Months taste which is quite out now.

Well said Arabella make me a Robe in that same Taste.

The Mantua-maker was now wholly at a Loss in what Manner to behave; for being conscious that she knew nothing of the

Princess Julia's Fashion she could not undertake to make it without Directions, and she was afraid of Discovering her Ignorance by asking for any; so that her Silence and Embarrassment persuading Arabella she knew nothing of the Matter, she dismiss'd her with a small Present, for the trouble she had given her, and had Recourse to her usual expedient, which was to make one of her Women who understood a little of the Mantua-making business make a Robe for her after her own Directions.

Miss Glanville, who imagin'd she had sent for work-women in order to have Cloaths made in the modern Taste, was surpriz'd at her Entrance into her Chamber to see her dressing for the Ball in a Habit singular to the last Degree.

She wore no Hoop, and the Blue and Silver Stuff of her Robe was only kept by its own richness from hanging close about her. It was quite open round her Breast, which was shaded with a rich Border of Lace; and clasping close to her Waist by small knots of Diamonds descended in a sweeping Train on the Ground.

The sleeves were short, wide and slash'd, fastn' in different places with Diamonds, and her arms were partly hid by half a

Dozen falls of Ruffles. Her hair which fell in easy Ringlets on her Neck was plac'd with great Care and Exactness round her lovely Face, and the Jewels and Ribbons, which were all her Head dress, dispos'd to the greatest Advantage.

The Surprise Arabella's unusual Appearance gave to the whole Company was very visible to every one but herself.

The Moment she entered the Room, every one whisper'd the Person next to them, and for some minutes nothing was heard but the words the Princess Julia, which was echoed at every Corner, For the Woman had no sooner left Arabella than she related the Conference she had with a Lady newly arriv'd who had requir'd her to make a Robe in the Manner of the Princess Julia's and dismiss'd her because she did not understand the Fashions that prevailed two thousand years ago. This Story was quickly dispers'd and for its Novelty afforded a great deal of Diversion.

The life of Anne Grant was cast in different scenes from that of Charlotte Lennox. After a childhood spent in the Province of New York with her father, Captain Macvicar, she married a Scotch clergyman, and

for many years taught school. She was a typical school-mistress and blue-stocking, and looked like one. Walter Scott said that "her tongue and pen were overpowering," and that she was "so very cerulean—but an excellent person notwithstanding." Her accounts of life in and near Albany have always been much heeded and quoted by historical writers, but I have always felt that I should hardly choose as an exact and reliable record the middle-aged recollections of life at thirteen. I suspect a tinge of unconscious idealization, and her affection for Mrs. Schuyler may have softened and gilded to some degree the minor details of her book, though I believe her historical statements are considered correct. Her books are not rare, since a reprint of the one relating to America has appeared in our own day, hence I will give no further selections than the descriptions already quoted.

Richard Grant White has paid a very pretty compliment to women's letters—a compliment as true of the letters of women of colonial and Federal days as of those of to-day. He says:

Women's epistolary style is generally excellent in all the ways of excellence possible. A letter written by a bright, charming woman—and she need not be a highly educated or much instructed woman, but merely one whose intercourse is with cultivated people—will in twelve cases out of the baker's-dozen be not only irreproachably correct in expression, but very charming.

He also says that mere unconsciousness has much to do with this charm of style; and this statement finds a certain proof in the letters of the women of olden days in that the non-conscious correspondences, the home letters written to girl-friends, to husbands, to members of the writer's family—not to young men, with whom was frequently kept up, as an element of Platonic friendship, an improving and exceedingly self-conscious correspondence, and, above all, not the stilted letters to lovers—these eager, simple letters prove Mr. White's rule, and are indeed charming.

I have chosen from the works of Ann Eliza Bleecker, rather than any portion of her historically interesting "Story of Maria

Kittle," some fragments of her letters, not only because they are more pleasing, but because they are rarer. The stories and poems were published in the *New York Magazine* after her death, to the gratification of her husband. And I must add that he always encouraged her in her literary work — which proves him an exceptional husband for his day. The book containing her letters is so rare that the author of the "Life of Brandt" could not find in public or private libraries a copy for consultation. The first letter given was written to her brother, and it gives a concise account of her short life, showing the trials endured by women in Revolutionary days. She died soon after writing it :

Your poor Betsy was born a solitary orphan ; though enjoying a genteel fortune yet friendless and a wanderer at length I found peace in the company of a tender husband. Ah, how soon interrupted ! my lovely babes died away like summer blossoms before the frost ; still I had a kind mother to complain to ; we wept together, but soon the enemy rushing upon us like a hurricane, we were scattered like a flock of frightened birds ;

our dear Mother fled to Red Hook with Susau ; I staid awhile at the farm, but a sudden incursion of some savages hastened my retreat ; I took my beautiful Abella on my arm, and Peggy by the hand, and wandered solitary through the dark woods expecting every moment to meet the bloody ally of Britain ; however, we arrived safe at Arabia, where I met my husband who had been to Albany ; he procured a chaise, and took us to the city ; the alarm increasing we got a passage in a sloop with Sister Swits and family ; twelve miles below Albany my Abella died of a dysentery, we went ashore, had one of my mahogany dining tables cut up to make her coffin and buried the little angel on the bank. I was seized with the distemper and when we came to Red Hook found my dear mamma wasted to a shadow ; she mourned over the ruins of her family, and carried me to Uncle H——s who received us very reluctantly. Soon after my dear mother died and I returned to Albany when in a few days I saw poor sister Caty expire. We retired again to Tomhanick where we lived sometime blest in domestic tranquility though under perpetual alarms from the savages ; at length, one afternoon, a small party from Canada, who had unperceivedly

penetrated the country, carried off Mr. Bleecker with his two servants. This shock I could not support. My little Peggy and I went to Albany, where we wept incessantly for five days when God was pleased to restore him to our arms. Soon after I was delivered of a dead child. Since then I have been declining; and we have often fled from the enemy since, been cruelly plundered and often suffered for very necessities. I could wish to see you before I died, but I am used to disappointments. I have given you my little history that you may see I die of a broken heart.

We have, as a contrast, a very sprightly picture of the daily life of a modish belle in 1783 in this letter of Mrs. Bleecker's to Miss Susan Ten Eyck.

No, I can admit of no excuse; I have written three letters in folio to my Susan and have received no answer. After various conjectures about the cause of so mortifying an admission, I have come to this conclusion, that you have commenced a very very fashionable lady—(you see my penetration)—and though I am not in the possession of Joseph's divining cup, I can minutely describe how

you passed the day when my last letter was handed you ; we will suppose it your own journal.

SATURDAY MORN, Feb. 12.

Ten o'clock. Was disturbed in a very pleasant dream by aunt V—W who told me breakfast was ready ; fell asleep, and dreamed again about Mr. S.

Eleven. Rose from bed ; Dinah handed my shoes, washed the cream poultice from my arms, and unbuckled my curls ; drank two dishes of hyson ; could not eat anything.

From twelve to two. Withdrew to my closet ; perused the title-page of the Pilgrims Progress ; — came in, and, with an engaging address, presented me with a small billet-doux from Mr. S. and a monstrous big packet from sister B. Laid the packet aside ; mused over the charming note until three o'clock. Could not read sisters letter because I must dress, Major Arrogance, Colonel Bombast, and Tom Fustian being to dine with us ; could not suit my colours—fretted—got the vapours ; Dine, handing me the salts, let the vial fall and broke it, it was diamond cut crystal, a present from Mr. S. I flew up in a passion—it was enough to vex a saint—and boxed her ears soundly.

Four. Dressed ; aunt asked me what sis-

ter had wrote. I told her she was well, and had wrote nothing in particular. Mem.: I silyly broke the seal to give a colour to my assertion.

Between Four and Five. Dined; Tom Fustian toasted the brightest eyes in company—I reddened like crimson—was surprised to see M. blush and looking round saw P. blush yet deeper than we. I wonder who he meant. Tom is called a lad of judgment. Mr. S. passed the window on horseback.

Six. Visited at Miss —; a very formal company; uneasy in my stays; scalded my fingers and stained my changeable by spilling a dish of tea; the ladies were excessively sorry for the accident, and Miss V. Z. observed that just such another mischance had befallen the Widow R. three years before the war; made a party at cards until seven in the evening; lost two pistoles. Mem.: had no ready cash but gave an order on. . . .

From six till three in the morning. Danced with Mr. S., thought he looked jealous—to punish him I coquetted with three or four pretty-fellows, whispered Colonel Tinsel who smiled and kissed my hand in return; in return I gave him a petulant blow on the shoulder. Mr. S. looked like a thunder

gust; then affected to be calm as a stoic; but in spite of philosophy turned as pale as Banquos ghost. M. seemed concerned, and asked what ailed him? I dont like M. I wonder what charm makes everybody admire her; sure if Mr. S. was civil to her it was enough; he used not be so very affectionate. I flew in a pet to a vacant parlour and took out sisters letter to read; I laboured through ten lines, contemplated the seal, chewed off three corners, and folding the remains elegantly put it in my pocket. I suppose it was full of friendship and such like country stuff. However sister writes out of a good heart to me, and I will answer it. On my returning Dinah attended and having no paper handy, I gave her sisters letter to put my hair in buckle, while I read these verses which Colonel Tinsel, with a sigh, gave me:

Lofly cretur, wen de sun
Wantons oer yer wid his beams
You smile wid joy—my lukes alone
Obnoxious ar—would I was him.

I think the Colonel writes as well as Homer; I believe he knows as much; what signifies Greek and Hebrew! I hate your starched scholars that talk Latin.

Well Susan you see that in the desert wilds of America your secret actions are brought to light, so I hope you will pay more respect to this epistle.

Margaretta Faugeres was the only daughter of Mrs. Bleecker, and seems to have been regarded as a literary light in her day, writing poems, stories, and a tragedy called "Belisarius." She married an adventurer, who squandered her fortune, and she died of a broken heart. She edited her mother's works in 1793. From the preface thereof I take her stilted description of her mother's home :

Mr. Bleecker built him a house on a little eminence which commanded a pleasing prospect. On the east side of it was an elegantly simple garden where fruits and flowers, exotics as well as natives, flourished with beauty, and a little beyond it the roaring river of Tomhauick dashed with rapidity its foaming waters among the broken rocks; towards the west lay wide cultivated fields; in the rear a young orchard bounded by a thick forest; and in front (after crossing the main road) a meadow through which

wandered a dimpling stream, stretched itself to join a ridge of tall nodding pines which rose in awful grandeur on the shelving brow of a grassy mountain. Through the openings of this wood you might descry little cottages scattered up and down through the country, whose environs the hands of Industry had transformed into rich fields and blooming gardens, and literally caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose. This was such a retreat as she had always desired; the dark forest, the rushing river and the green valley had more charms for her than the gay metropolis which she had left, and in which she was well calculated to shine; and she was so much attached to these rural pleasures that no birds (those of prey excepted) were ever suffered to be shot near her habitation if she could prevent it; indeed they built their nests unmolested in the very porch of the house.

And the cultivation of flowers had likewise a large share of her attention; so much that where Flora had been remiss in decking the sod she took upon herself that office by gathering seeds from her own garden and strewing them promiscuously in the woods and fields and along the clovery border of her favorite brook.

Margaret Bleecker was born in 1724, and married Robert Livingstone when eighteen years of age. I think nothing could have been further from her sensible mind than the thought that her letters would ever be printed as literary productions; and, indeed, as such they would scarcely be published; but as showing the train of thought and manner of expression of a high-bred, intelligent, dignified woman of the day, they have a decided value. She was left a widow with ten children and a large estate—so large that her eldest son could divide between brothers and sisters over two thousand acres of land; and she managed both children and estate with great judgment, giving them much personal care and attention, as her letters show.

The selections are from letters to Judge Vanderkemp, a gentleman of vast learning :

T. A. Vanderkemp, Esq.

At his Seat near Kingston.

SIR,—It is not you who ought to Lament that you are not able to express your sentiments correctly, as your letter is intirely free from every thing which you stile Barbarism. I think you must have been a pro-

ficient in the English Language before your arrival in America. But what cant a scientific character accomplish. It is I who ought to blush at the egregious Blunder I made when I led you into the Mistake which would naturally occur upon reading Jacob instead of John Rutson as the husband of Cathⁿ Beekman. Such marriages as you had thought took place upon that representation are never thought to be eligible to people of Charector. Upon a very Baseless foundation do you Sir Build when you do me the honor to wish for a correspondence with one who has at the first outseting convinced you how unequal I am to convey anything for which such an art can be of utility to a gentleman who's Charector stands so high for Literary Accomplishments, and I will add from Experience that your candour has led you in a most amiable manner to draw a Vail over the defects of my age and Imbecility. I shall at the same time think myself honored and happy to receive any communications you will be pleased to favor me with as I am certain the advantages will be all on my side, and your goodness will I am confident make every reasonable allowance for me. You wish to know Sir if the Beekmans of N. York are of the Same

family; they are by the accounts lately received from Mr. James Beekman I have the family genealogy and find he has mistaken his Great Grandfather as being the Eldest Son. Henry, my Grandfather, had that place, their arms and name is the same as my fathers; perhaps the mistake may be that the arms on their coaches are quartered, I do not certainly know that to be the case; the Esopus head of the family I have heard was married to a woman who was by no means an Oeconomist and he was perfectly good natured and suffered his patrimony to be wasted and poverty to come in strides upon him so much so, that some of his Blood maintained him till he died. . . .

What usefull Lessons do such examples yield. I admire and appland your prudence Sir in the management of your affairs for tis a most certain truth that without Oeconomy the revenue of a prince may be dissipated. I inclose what Mr. Beekman has sent; you will observe some mistakes in my family branch which is rectified in what I have had the honor to send for your perusal. Is the subject of Genealogy often the Source of pride and Ostentation alas why should it be so, when we are led to reflect on the instability of all human affairs we must

adopt the words of Mr. Pope in his fine lines on Mr. A. Stonehouse :

how lov'd, how valu'd once avails thee not
to whom related or by whom begot ;
a heap of Dust alone remains of thee
'tis all thou art and all the proud shall be.

It is true none who possess family despise it, neither ought we to do it, but to look upon as a particular favor to have derived our being from men and women fearing God and respected in their day for virtue and Goodness. Many promises are in the Sacred Book for the Children of believers— but then they must pray, that they may be followers of those who through faith and patience Inherit the promises. This Sir will prove an antidote to the poison of ye pride of ancesstry and keep those humble that they bring no blot upon their house by their conduct.

Mr. Cockburn has promised me to let you have 2 Bush Barly but says he does not know how to get it to Kingston's ; he has also some young Negro Boys which he will sell, but not so old as your Letter mentions you wish to have—I have one about 27 years, a complete Coachman, a very fine

Waiter, has attended 20 people with great ease and Quickness at table; is sober but has taken an insuperable dislike to the Country, has run away and is now a Gentleman at large in N. Y. and does just as he pleases; him I could not recommend, and I have none I can spare as I have given them away as soon as they grow usefull to my children. I have not had it in my power to ingage a person who could be properly recommended for you, altho' I have sent Quite to Beekmantown but was informed that the season was past as everybody was ingaged for the summer. I shall give Brink the ferryman a pint of Siberian Barly part of a very small quantity I raised here last summer, and a few grains of very white wheat which I received last Jan'y from Maryland. I planted some in pots in the house about the 20th of Jan'y and have now transplanted it into a bed in my Garden.

NEW YORK, 1792 Feb. 1

. . . I am greatly affected at your Misfortune in meeting with a character of such open Duplicity as under the Mask and sacred name of Friendship to do you so great an injury as you mention, who the person is I know not nor wish to know. Mrs.

Vanden Huvel is a lively agreeable Lady who is one in all the polite parties in town. This place is all gaiety and festivity, Fortunes tumbling in the Laps of very many people in so rapid a manner as never before has been the case (excepting in the Conquest of Mexico when Montezuma's Treasures fell in the hands of a few Spaniards) and in the flow of great riches Dissipation takes place proportionably—is it not a Query whether riches acquired by frugality and industry which are nurserys for Public Virtues as well as domestic Happyness—or wealth acquired rapidly by speculators and Brokers to the amount of £100,000 &c. which in all probability will expand in Balls, Entertainments, Sumptuous Buildings and superb furniture in which Gameing is carried on in large sums lost and won.

A Gent. from Philadelphia is sitting by me who relates that Mrs Knox took home 400 Dolls she won. Surely there are serious Evils in a retrospective of all the Great Empires for ages past, cannot we Date their Rise and progress from Public Virtue and patriotism to riper days, when wealth and power flowed in, Luxury and Dissipation with Gigantic Strides overturned all that their Virtuous fathers had done, and nothing

but anarchy and ruin followed. These are examples which Americans ought never to lose sight of and to tremble for our Infant Empire ; but I forget to whom I am making Observations which cannot have escaped ye notice of ye well informed mind, but as these reflections dwell upon my mind they will drop from my poor pen, especially as I myself upon my families account am obliged in some measure to conform to custom. . . .

With respect to the Shingles I have had my Timber so shamefully wasted to the great Detrement of my Saw Mills that I have for some time past laid it down for a rule not to suffer one Tennent to make any shinggles as they have so grossly abused my lenity. As I know there are better shinggles and for the same price sold at Katskill than my woods produce it cannot be any material difference to my Esteemed Correspondent. My best respects attend on Mrs. Vanderkemp to whom with yourself my best wishes are tendered. I must release you from so long an Epistole which I fear has tried your patience by assuring

Respected Sr

that I am with Respect

Your most O^bd and Humble Serv^t

MARG^r LIVINGSTONE.

The widow of General Montgomery, of Revolutionary fame, left behind her an historical memoir which has not been printed in entirety, but which is frequently referred to. She was the daughter of Margaret Livingstone. I choose for quotation the account of Montgomery's early connection with the Army :

Unknown as his (Montgomery's) modesty led him to suppose himself to be, he was chosen early in 1775 one of the Council of Fifty to New York from Dutchess County. Although he received this call with surprise and left his retirement with no small regret, he hesitated not a moment. The times were dangerous but he shrank not from the duties of a citizen. While thus engaged Congress determined to raise troops in defence of our rights. Phillip Schuyler was appointed the Major-general, and the appointment of Brigadier-general was tendered to Montgomery. Before accepting it he came into his wife's room and asked her to make up for him the ribbon cockade which was to be placed in his hat. He saw her emotion and marked the starting tear. With persuasive gentleness he said to her, " Our country is in danger. Unsolicited in two

instances I have been distinguished by two honorable appointments. As a politician I could not serve them, as a soldier I think I can. Shall I then accept the one and shrink from the other in dread of danger? My honor is engaged."

Mrs. Montgomery took the ribbon and he continued, "I am satisfied. Trust me. You shall never blush for your Montgomery."

On his departure he remained only a moment to bid Judge Livingstone farewell, who said "Take care of your life." "Of my honor you would say sir," was Montgomery's answer. In passing his own villa he said, "I must not suffer myself to look that way."

He had hardly received this appointment when it was announced that General Washington was to pass through New York on his way to Boston. On the morning of his expected arrival the whole town was in a state of commotion. All the militia was paraded, bells ringing, drums beating, and in that moment the British Governor Tryon arrived. As he landed he looked with delight at the general excitement that prevailed and said, "Is all this for me?" When two of his counsellors took him mournfully by the hand and led him to a house in

Broadway where he nearly fainted when he saw the great Washington pass attended by a crowd of patriots. At a window, next to the City Hotel, I was happily so placed that I could see him. Here General Schuyler and General Montgomery received their commissions and instructions. General Montgomery told General Washington he wished he would allow him to go with him, to which Washington answered, "Sir, you have more important business to attend to—we trust everything to you."

Washington's stay at New York was but a moment. He drove a sulky with a pair of white horses; his dress was blue with purple ribbon sash—a lovely plume of feathers in his hat. All this was a most mortifying sight to Governor Tryon.

The next day when Montgomery opened his commission he found all the commissions of his brigade left in blank. Such was the trust reposed in him.

Plots were soon discovered, fomented by Governor Tryon and his counsellors. The committee determined to check them by confining the Governor, but General Montgomery took a milder course, and advised the Governor to embark again for England rather than be insulted in this country.

This advice the Governor took that very night and offered his best thanks to the General.

A few days later the accounts of the battle of Bunker Hill arrived. The papers had a deep black margin. Blood had been shed and the Americans had been beaten. Our house was filled with a crowd of long faces. General Montgomery met them with a smile of satisfaction. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am content. What I feared has not happened. The Americans will fight and I am well pleased with the experiment." The Tories however made a great uproar. Many ladies came to us for protection and they had a thousand fears without occasion for any. No gentlemen offered to take commissions in the army. The mechanics alone offered, and General Montgomery accepted them without demur. When the brigade was filled, several gentlemen came forward, telling them they should have been first and were too late.

The General left for Ticonderoga with four thousand men, but many left him and many sickened; many ran at the shake of a leaf. One of these was named Quackenbush, who was so very bold until some attack was determined on; then he so fre-

quently entreated for leave of absence, that General Montgomery said to some one passing by, "I think this quake-in-the-bush had best be gone altogether."

Congress at three different times refused to accept General Montgomery's resignation. They continually promised him ten thousand men and always failed in their support. His patience was exhausted. The commander-in-chief General Schuyler, was ill, causing weeks of delay in the campaign. When he arrived they embarked immediately. On landing at Fort Chamblay a gun was fired, and the commander ordered the troops to retreat, when another attack of illness obliged General Schuyler to return home. The fort soon after surrendered.

How Montreal surrendered is well known. That General Montgomery supposed it might have been better defended is concluded from one expression of his. He said, "I suffered the officers to pass my fort without notice. Because I had placed a few cannon on the bank—I blush for his Majesties officers, they actually preferred being made prisoners. Carleton has escaped. The more's the pity."

General Montgomery intended quartering for the winter at Montreal. His men

were in rags, and his provisions exhausted. He had written repeatedly for more troops and none were sent. Twice he sent in his resignation, and twice it was refused. The wild March of Arnold up the Kennebec altered all the plans, and obliged Montgomery to sacrifice himself.

Sarah Jay, the wife of Hon. John Jay, wrote frequently to her father, Governor Livingstone, from Madrid. I quote one of her letters, written in 1782, to show the respectful attitude of children to parents in that day. Think of a married daughter, whose letters took over two months to reach home, writing such a formal letter, full of ceremonious patriotism and gratitude, but containing no word of personal intelligence :

The great distance that separates me from dear Papa makes me solicitous to inform him of such things as would amuse him or at least give him an account of his family, and with those intentions I have frequently taken up my pen ; but there is an ingenuousness in my disposition which often disposes me to more frankness than prudence justifies and for want of caution have been obliged by prudential reasons to

suppress some letters after they were written. I have at this instant in my desk an interesting one that was written last June containing eighteen pages; nor should I now have mentioned those letters had I not feared that the long silent interval between the last and present might have occasioned the revival of that old idea that being out of sight you had lost my remembrance—the most unorthodox idea that can present itself in minds that affection, gratitude and esteem unite. Accept my thanks for your obliging favor of the 21st Augst; it was handed to me on the 31st of Novembr and would have contributed greatly to my satisfaction as the former instances of your attention had done had not my feelings been alarmed by the paragraphs relative to my dear unfortunate brother. It's true my feelings were a little relieved by your letter to Brockholst mentioning the probability of his capture, but even that ray of hope has been greatly obscured by the unsuccessful inquiries of our friends in Enrope. The many distressing incidents that have arisen in our part of the world in consequence of the cruel war that has been prosecuted against us are sufficient to contrast the former goodness of Providence to our Coun-

try and to raise our gratitude for the prospect which the happy conclusion of this Campaign has opened to peace and independence. Our once haughty foe now finds himself deprived of a great part of his empire dignity; and the confidence of many of his subjects.

The 6th of Feb'y Count De Montmorin the French Ambassador will give a very splendid entertainment at his house in celebration of the birth of the Dauphin, and you may judge whether or not it is likely to be elegant when I tell you that it is said that the ten thousand dollars allowed by his Court for the occasion will be insufficient to defray the expense that will be incurred. Your attention to my dear little boy increases my gratitude and makes me wish you may one day be repaid by his own amiable conduct, being sensible that a generous mind is most agreeably rewarded when it perceives that its benefits have been useful.

Please to remember me to my dear Mama and brother William, and believe me to be, my dear Papa with great sincerity,

Your very dutiful daughter,

SARAH JAY.

Two of the daughters of Andrew Elliot,

of New York, married Lord Cathcart and Lord Carnegie. Many of the family letters have been preserved. Lady Cathcart wrote thus from London to her aunt, Mrs. Gore, in 1781:

MY DEAR AUNT,—I wrote you by last opportunity, but as I have time I think I cannot employ it better than in writing to you, tho' there is not the least prospect of sending it. I hope Mrs. Jauncey is well, tell her I saw John Jauncey a week ago, he had six curls of a side and more dressed than anybody I ever saw, I am sure she would not know him again.

I was at the drawing and ball the Queens birthday, and I flatter myself I was one of the best dressed there. I had a pearl-coloured satten trimmed with crape, rolls of gold and the finest sable ever was seen, beautiful point and a great many diamonds. I have given you a description of my dress as I think it will amuse you. Mrs. Smyth was there, she is almost as fat as her mother I never saw anything like it.

There is a young lady here that is Married, Lady Dashwood who is very much admired. She is so amazingly like my sister that I could not help being very intimate

with her tho' I cannot help thinking my sister much handsomer if she did not talk such broad Scotch.

Tell Mamma I have not forgot the bottle of salts she desired me to send her but am waiting for an opportunity to send them by. I think the people that come home forget they are to go back again, at least they do not like to be put in mind of it, so that one never hears of an opportunity until it is gone. . . .

I was not at the Kings birthday; it was such a crowd and so hot that I was advised not to go and I was very glad of an excuse. The weather here has been intolerably hot for near a week together so that at six o'clock in the morning in the shade the thermometer was above 84° and even Lord C. was obliged to acknowledge that it was full as hot as he ever felt it at that season in America. It is now quite cold again so that one could almost bear a fire.

As to fashions here I do not see a great deal of difference except they wear their heads about two inches high and not very broad, with two small Curls of a side and their necks a good deal covered. They wear sacques a good deal and generally with a kind of robin, but that is all fancy; always

a little hoop, and I think for morning a white Poleneze or a dress they call a Levete, which is a kind of gown and Peticote with long sleeves made with scarcely any pique in the back and wear with a sash tyed on the left side, they make these in winter of white dimity and in Summer of Muslin with Chints borders.

Mrs. Elliot, the mother of Lady Cathcart, wrote to Mrs. Gore in 1798, giving this picture of the daily life and family of her other daughter, Lady Carnegie :

MY DEAR SISTER,—I am very happy to hear by your letter you were enjoying as good a state of health as people in our time of life are in general permitted to do.

I am at present passing a couple of months with my daughter Lady Carnegie who was all last Winter in London with her Husband Sir David Carnegie and her three eldest Daughters, who were finishing their education. They are accomplished fine-tempered girls but not handsome, good persons, remarkably tall of their age, and very fine daucers. The others, there are ten in all, promise to be very tall also and some of them are handsome. It makes a fine lively

House, always dancing Singing or playing on the Piano Forte in some corner of the House, they have five of them to practice on, as they have a Governess entirely for music, one for French, one for English, which they all learn Grammatically besides masters for writing, dancing, &c. It certainly often puts me in mind of a Boarding School as there is one Wing of the house entirely for their use.

Their father is a most amiable man, and I am most happy when I reflect amidst all the distresses I have met with in the World that both my Daughters are married to men of the most affectionate and constant dispositions, and whose chief study seems to be to make them happy.

-

When Lady Carnegie was commiserated with on the birth of her tenth daughter, she answered very cheerfully that there was plenty of time yet for sons; and when she died (at the age of ninety-six) she left two surviving sons to prove that her words were true.

Mrs. Eleanor Jauncey, a half-sister of Lady Cathcart and Lady Carnegie, wrote the following letter to Mrs. Gore from Mr.

Elliot's country-home, Minto. This house, Minto, so disadvantageously out of town, stood where A. T. Stewart's (now Denning's) "up-town" dry-goods store now is built :

MINTO, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1783.

MY DEAR MRS. GORE,—Two or three days ago I wrote to Netty Swift and began a letter to you but before I had half finished heard the Com-r in chf (Sir Guy Carleton) and a good deal of Company were in the Bow Room, and as you know I have my full share of Curiosity I was tempted to leave off writing to go and try if I could hear any news or pick up any anecdotes that might entertain you, but it was not in my power to write again that day and in the evening my father had a return of the fever and I forgot everything but him.

I thank you for the hint about the Spice but am much distress'd for an opportunity. If I could find Mrs. Bell, She possibly might take it, but I do not know where to look for her and you know in all these sort of things what a disadvantage being in the country is. None of the family have been much in town this winter. As my Father was better he endeavoured but could not persuade Mrs. E. to go to the Ball on the Queens Birth-

night, from all accounts it was a very agreeable one. There were eighty Ladies, Gentlemen without number and everything conducted in the best manner, the Rooms well lighted, the Ladies elegantly dressed, in short there could be no fault found. Major Beckwith, one of Sir Guys Aids, it was at Head Qrs had the management of it and has gained credit. The man that acts from his own feelings had a dance at his house on Friday, Miss D. is in town with him. . . .

Mrs. E. and the girls well, Sally Brevoort is making them riding Habits, a matter of joy and that affords them an opportunity of making many trips to —gate. They dined last Tuesday with their Father and Mother at the Commander-in-Chief's and in the evening went to a ball at the Admirals.

The times indeed had changed, New York had become urban when Mrs. Elliot and her daughters could ride in habits. For only a score of years previous to the date of this letter, the wife of General Gates was openly accused of riding man-fashion, and much re-proved therefore by bucolic New Yorkers, because she had ridden through the streets

of that simple town clad in a riding-habit. It is also interesting to note that a system of "help" obtained in those days—the daughter of a rich neighbor, Farmer Brevoort, made these habits for the Elliots.

This letter was written in August, 1778, by Lady Catherine Alexander, afterwards known as Lady Kitty Duer, to her father, Lord Stirling :

I have made several attempts laid upon me by my dear Papa in a letter to General Maxwell but have always been interrupted or entirely prevented by trivial accidents which though important enough to prevent my writing, are scarce worth mentioning to you. Colonel Livingstone going to camp at last furnishes me with an opportunity of acquainting you with everything my memory retains of our jaunt to New York.

In the first place we had the satisfaction of being civilly treated by the British officers. One indignity indeed we received from General Grant who ordered a sergeant to conduct the Flag to town instead of an officer, but we were so happy at getting permission to go on that we readily excused this want of politeness.

Our acquaintances in town were very

polite to us; but whether it proceeded from regard to themselves or us is hard to determine. The truth is, they are a great deal alarmed at their situation and wish to make as much interest as possible on our side. The sentiments I really believe of a great number have undergone a thorough change, since they have been with the British army; as they have many opportunities of seeing flagrant acts of injustice and cruelty which they could not have believed their friends capable of, if they had not been eyewitnesses of their conduct. This convinces them that if they conquer we must live in abject slavery.

Mamma has I suppose mentioned to you the distressed situation in which we found poor Mary. The alarms of the fire and the explosion, added to her recent misfortune, kept her for several days in a very weak state; but we had the satisfaction to leave her perfectly recovered. The child she now has is one of the most charming little creatures I ever saw and by all accounts is more likely to live than either of the others. Mr. Watts I am happy to find is among the number of those who are heartily sick of British tyranny, and as to Mary, her political principles are perfectly

rebellious. Several gentlemen of your former acquaintance in the British army made particular inquiry after you. Upon the whole I think we may call our jaunt a very agreeable one though it was chequered with some unlucky circumstances. I left Mamma very well two days ago to pay a visit to Governor Livingstone's family.

Sarah Franklin Robinson was the wife of one of the Robinsons of Narragansett stock; both were related and connected by marriage with very good folk in New York, Pennsylvania, and New England. The subjoined letter, written by her to her cousin Kitty Wistar, is interesting from an historical point of view, giving an account of the preparations made by New York City to welcome Washington as President; and it also seems to gain a little charm in the use of the Quaker thee and thou. It is also amusing to note that while the letter is written in the commonplace form while giving domestic news, that the patriotic writer lapses unconsciously into the use of capital letters when speaking of anything relating to the august Washington:

N. Y. 30th of the 4th Mo. 1789.

I feel exceedingly mortified and hurt my dear cousin that so many of my letters to thee have miscarried. I have certainly written as many as half a dozen since thee left N. Y. although thou acknowledgest the receipt of but one which almost discourages me from making another attempt so uncertain is it whether it will ever reach Brandywine but I cannot entirely give it up as I am assured they give you some pleasure.

Uncle Johns affair goes on rapidly and will soon come to a crisis, and he is as tentative a swain as thou wouldst wish to see, and as much delighted at the approaching event. Betsey and Polly are expected today, I hope they will be prudent, but no doubt it will be a great trial, they are all extremely averse to the match and uncle has his hands full with them as thou may suppose.

If I could but sit an hour with thee my dear, how much I should have to tell thee, but it will not do to put all on paper, but so far I will say, the Widow would have nothing to say to uncle John until he would be reconciled to cousin Tommy, in consequence he visits there and takes a great deal of notice of his three little grand daugh-

ters, a very pleasing event to all of us, and does great honour to our Aunt, and endears her very much to me, she I think every way suitable to our Uncle and I have no doubt will make him an excellent wife. Billy is now out on his journey to Vermont, he has been gone eight weeks, I have frequently heard from him in his absence but do not know when to expect him. Our dear little Eliza is now in the small-pox and like to have it favourably, a favour which demands our gratitude, the rest of the little tribe are well. My little niece Esther grows finely, and her mother is as well as can be expected.

Great rejoicing in New York on the arrival of General Washington, an elegant Barge decorated with an awning of Satin, 12 oarsmen dressed in white frocks and blue ribbons went down to E Town last fourth day to bring him up. A stage was erected at the Coffee House wharf, covered with a carpet for him to step on, when a company of Light horse, one of Artillery, and most of the Inhabitants were waiting to receive him; they paraded through Queen street in great form while the music of the drums and the ringing of the bells were enough to stun one with the noise. Previous to his

coming Uncle Walters house in Cherry Street was taken for him, and every room furnished in the most elegant manner. Aunt Osgood and Lady Kitty Duer had the whole management of it. I went the morning before the Generals arrival to take a look at it, the best of furniture in every room, and the greatest quantity of Plate and China I ever saw, the whole of the first and second story is papered, and the floors covered with the richest kind of Turkey and Wilton carpets. The House did honour to my aunts and Lady Kitty, they spared no pains nor expense on it. Thou must know that Uncle Osgood and Duer were appointed to procure a house and furnish it, accordingly they pitched on their wives as being likely to do it better. I have not done yet my dear. Is thee not almost tired. The evening after his Excellency's arrival there was a general Illumination took place except among friends and those styled Anti-Federalist. The latters windows suffered soon thou may imagine. As soon as the General has sworn in, a grand exhibition of fireworks is to be displayed which is expected to be tomorrow, there is scarcely anything talked about now but General Washington and the Palace, and of little

else have I told thee yet tho' I have spun my miserable scrawl already to a great length, but thou requested to know all that was going forward.

I have just learned that William Titus of Woodbury is going to be married to a sister of Uncle Bowne, mother to Thomas Bowne who I believe thee knows; Eliza Titus, her husband and Father and Mother spent the evening with us last Sixth day. Eliza is much altered since I saw her, is much thinner and plainer. Our Families are all well. Hetty is still with us. Rowland and the girls love to you. Accept mine, my dear consin and write soon, to thy affectionate cousin,

SARAH ROBINSON.

Eliza Susan Morton was born and spent her childhood and girlhood in New York, but lived, after her marriage to Mr. Quincy, in Massachusetts. Her memoir has not a dull word in it; and is of great value as a picture of the times. I have chosen a short portion of her account of her life as a child, showing plainly that the intelligence and brilliancy of mind displayed in after-life was scarcely the result of her education:

Mr. Martin was an old man who carried the mail between Philadelphia and Morristown and was called "the Post." He used to wear a blue coat with yellow buttons, a scarlet waistcoat, leathern small-clothes, blue yarn stockings, and a red wig and cocked hat, which gave him a sort of military appearance. He usually travelled in a sulky, but sometimes in a chaise or on horse-back, according to the season of the year or the size and weight of the mail-bag. Mr. Martin also contrived to employ himself in knitting coarse yarn stockings while driving, or rather jogging along the road, or when seated on his saddle-bags on horse-back. He certainly did not ride post, according to the present meaning of that term.

I shall never forget the delight I felt when I found myself seated beside Mr. Martin in his chaise and going away from Philadelphia; nor the surprise of our family at Baskinridge when they saw me driving down the hill with him. They all ran to the door, when Belfast exclaimed, "Well, if here isn't our Susan coming, riding home with the Post!"

When my mother returned I was sent with my brother Washington, to attend

the school of Master Leslie, who though a very good man, was very severe in his discipline. His modes of punishment would astonish the children of the present day. One of them was to "hold the blocks." They were of two sizes. The large one was a heavy block of wood, with a ring in the centre, by which it was to be held a definite number of minutes by his watch, according to the magnitude of the offence. The small block was for the younger children. Another punishment was by a number of leathern straps, about an inch wide and a finger long, fastened to a handle of wood, with which he used to strap the hands of the larger boys. To the girls he was more lenient.

Master Leslie was particularly anxious to instruct us in the Scriptures; and according to the custom of the day, we stood up in classes, each child with a Bible in hand, and read a verse in turn. We came constantly to unintelligible passages, and fatigue and disgust were the consequence. Lists of texts of Scripture beginning with the same letter, written upon paper, and pasted upon boards, were also hung around the school-room. These alphabets, as they were called, were given to the scholars to take

them home and commit to memory on Sunday, with catechism and hymns. By early painful associations, the subject of religion was thus rendered tedious and repulsive to many persons in after life.

To give us some idea of Geography and astronomy Master Leslie used to employ his snuff box and sundry little balls of yarn, to represent the solar system and thus completely puzzled and confused my brain. I knew he would not tell a falsehood, but to make me believe that the sun stood still and we whirled around it, required a clearer explanation. . . .

In 1784, I was sent with my sister to a school kept by Miss Dodsworth, an Englishwoman. We staid through the week and came home to pass Sunday. There was no discipline. Two daughters of a British officer who had gone away with the troops were the tyrants of the school. At length their father sent for them. Miss Dodsworth went also, and with her successor—Miss Ledyard of New London, daughter of the celebrated traveller—we were happy and improved. At the close of the year we had what was called “a breaking-up.”

A stage was erected at the end of the room, covered with a carpet, ornamented

with evergreens, and lighted by candles in gilt branches. Two window curtains were drawn aside from the centre before it, and the audience were seated on the benches of the schoolroom. The "Search after Happiness," by Mrs. More, "The Milliner" and "The Dove," by Madame Genlis—were performed. The characters were cast by Miss Ledyard. In the "Search after Happiness" I acted Euphelia, one of the court ladies, and also sang a song intended in the play for one of the daughters of Urania; but as I had the best voice, it was given to me. My dress was a pink and green striped silk; feathers and flowers decorated my head; and with bracelets on my arms and paste buckles on my shoes, I thought I made a splendid appearance. The only time I ever rode in a sedan chair was on this occasion, when after being dressed at home, I was conveyed in one to Miss Ledyard's residence. Hackney coaches were then unknown in New York. In the second piece I acted the Milliner; and by some strange notion of Miss Ledyard's or my own, was dressed in a gown, cap, handkerchief and apron of my mother's with a pair of spectacles to look like an elderly woman—a proof how little we understood the character of a French

milliner. When the curtain was drawn, many of the audience declared "it must be Mrs. Morton herself on the stage." How my mother with her strict notions and prejudices against the theatre ever consented to such proceedings is still a surprise to me. In "The Dove" I appeared as a young girl in a garden. Among our auditors were Governor Clinton and his lady, whose daughters were among us. There were also several clergymen.

Among Mrs. Quincy's school-companions was Margaret Mason, who married a wealthy Kentucky Senator named Browne, and who lived thereafter in Frankfort in that State. Late in life she renewed her acquaintance and correspondence with Mrs. Quincy. This letter to the friend of her youth is interesting as showing the view taken by a lady of the old school of the methods of education as shown in 1835:

Though my personal appearance has, of course, much changed since we parted, yet time has kindly spared "whate'er of mental grace was ever mine." And as a proof that whatever poets say to the contrary, Fancy does sometimes live to be old,

I spend some most delightful moments in reperusing the letters which passed between "the knot" at Miss Ledyard's school when you were Amelia Belmont and I Harriet Villiers, and when thus employed how many youthful visions rise before me!

I do not think the present mode of education enjoys all the advantages over that of which we were the subjects, which might be expected from the time and money expended on its attainment. It appears to me like the faint outline of a picture sketched by the hand of a master, but which, wanting due proportions of light and shade, leaves a large part of the canvas to offend the eye.

Revisiting New York after an absence of twelve years I had heard so much of improvements in education that I expected to find a generation of De Staels and Sévigné; but, with the exception of a decided improvement in orthography and penmanship, nothing was altered for the better. The style of conversation was as uninteresting as I had ever known it, and the knowledge of general literature very superficial. I therefore think that our acquirements, though less varied, were more substantial, and perhaps more intellectual than those of the present

day, I mean generally. There are glorious exceptions.

I most cordially agree in your admiration of Miss Edgeworth. Her "To-morrow" has been of more use to me than all the other fictitious writings I ever read; and all her stories convey striking lessons, which may be introduced into the everyday business of life with the happiest results.

I have read the "Life of Dr. Burney" with great interest and feel inclined to bury the egotist in the annalist. Madame D'Arblays own history was so interwoven with that of her father and the other literary personages of the day, that she could not in justice to herself omit the circumstances she narrates.

How often have I wished that Beattie's "Minstrel" and "Evelina" could be erased from my memory that I might again revel in the delightful emotions a first perusal occasioned.

As to the effect produced by the present increase and circulation of new books, to judge from my own experience, I should think it deleterious; the mind becomes distracted by variety and indisposed to systematic study. Do you think that either you or I, were we fourteen years of age, would now become as conversant as we then were

with the English classics and poets which are now reposing in sullen dignity on our book shelves, while every table is littered with annuals and monthly and weekly journals? I often feel bewildered, like a child with a number of new toys, who knows not which to play with, but looks first to one, then at another, without examining any.

In Mrs. Isabella Graham we find one of the noblest workers in philanthropy and charity that the world has known. Without wealth, she established in New York Sunday-schools and mission schools, homes for widows and homes for orphans, hospitals and refuges, and was prominent in every good work. She kept a fashionable and thoroughly good school for young girls in New York, and taught in it for many years. She was the esteemed friend of every one of dignity, wealth, or education in the community; and after her death, her life and letters were, next to the Bible, the most popular religious book of the day. Over fifty thousand copies were sold in America, and a large number in England and Scotland—a success for the day similar to that of Wiggles-

worth's "Day of Doom" and of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Yet this good book, so beloved, so beread, is of a form and style of compilation in literature as absolutely obsolete, as extinct as is the dodo.

I have chosen as a specimen of Mrs. Graham's epistolary style one of the few letters in the book which have any general interest for us to-day. The exceedingly high-minded and pious compositions which form the larger portion of the published collections do not, as a rule, show enough variety or originality of thought or expression to excite any special admiration of her literary abilities or mental powers, though they fully bear witness to the nobility of spirit and pure religious belief which were accredited to her by all her contemporaries. We cannot help feeling that had Mrs. Graham suspected the contingency of posthumous publication of her letters, she would somewhat have diversified her rather monotonous expression of that belief. The tiresome elimination of full names throughout the letters, and the substitution of initials—a fashion of the day—even when recounting most noble and praiseworthy public deeds—

has entirely destroyed whatever historical value the letters might have had. Frequently the names are not given of the persons to whom the letters were written—as if there could have lived any one unwilling for the entire world to know of a friendship with so noble a woman!

The following letter gives an account of the raging of the yellow-fever in New York, fully corroborating Charles Brockden Brown's lurid pages, and curiously suggesting, in the pathetic episode of the three women mourners, many of the details in Pepys's account of the Great Plague in London; but happily showing also an organized system of generous philanthropic relief undreamt of in the days of the Merry Monarch, and fully worthy of our own day, a century later.

Nov. 11, 1799.

MY DEAR BROTHER,— Before this reaches you the public papers will have informed you of the desolation of New York by the yellow-fever. We are among the escaped; and there are no breaches in the family. My health and that of the family, made the country necessary to us at any rate, and we left town previous to its becoming general; but Mr. B.

kept in the city, only sleeping in the country, till 45 were carried off in a night. The inhabitants abandoned the city in crowds, spreading over the adjacent countries; in Long Island, Jersey, New York, for sixty miles around. In the most busy trading streets, a person might have walked half a mile without meeting an individual, or seeing an open house or shop. Eleven physicians and surgeons fell sacrifices to it, five of them men of eminence; several were confined by mere fatigue, and had to retire to rest, relieving others when recruited. Dr. B. one of our oldest and eminent physicians who had retired from business ten years ago and lived on his estate in the country, hearing of the distress of his brethren and the impossibility of their answering all the calls of the sick and dying, left his retreat, returned to town and slaved to the last. His affectionate wife would not be left behind, but determined to share or witness his fate. It has pleased God to preserve them both. Notwithstanding the general flight, the mortality amongst those that remained was so great, that, for three weeks, from 48 to 54 died every 24 hours, this was no vague report, but that of the physicians and published in the daily newspapers. The Churches were

shut up except those which stood out of danger. Great numbers of them carried the infection with them to the country as far as 60 and 80 miles and died there; almost every one that took it in the country died, having no proper medical attendance; I do not remember of one that recovered; many did in the city and the hospitals. Some died without getting sight of a Doctor; some alone, deserted by every creature. The coffins were ready made, the graves ready dug, and the minute the last breath was fetched, they were buried with the utmost dispatch. Many widows had to put their own husbands in the coffin, with the assistance of the maker; and often, very often there was not a creature at the burial, but the man that drove the hearse, who assisted the sexton to put the body under ground. I myself met a hearse followed by three well-dressed females, not a man but the driver. Long before this your heart has asked, what became of the poor? wonders were done for them, yet many suffered for want of nursing. A number of humane men formed themselves into a Society, sought them out, and ministered relief from the public funds. Two cook-shops in different quarters of the city prepared soup, meat, vegetables and bread. A

committee sat in the almshouse every day, from nine to one o'clock, to receive such reports or applications as might be made to them, either by or in behalf of the sick and poor; and they were visited, and nurses and medical attendance paid by the public, as well as every species of necessaries; but alas! nurses were not to be had; doctors could only be at one place at a time. When speaking of the poor I omitted mentioning the large donations which were sent from both town and country to the committee—flour, meal, fowls, sheep, vegetables, money, and clothes. One of the members of the society told me that there was a plentiful supply, and temporary hospitals and other buildings were erected for the reception of the sick and recovering, everything that could be done was done to soften the calamity.

The only daughter of Francis Lewis, a member of the Continental Congress and a staunch patriot, eloped with and married an English officer, Captain Robertson. It has been supposed that Mr. Lewis never forgave this daughter Ann, but a letter written by her when a widow in Edinburgh, in 1795, to her brother General Morgan Lewis,

proves otherwise. The letter has never before been published. I give a portion of it :

Your letter my dear brother, by Mr. Allen came safe to my hand and should have been acknowledged ere this ; but that I expected he would also have been the bearer of my answer, as he gave me to understand he should sail from hence for New York in a few weeks after his arrival here. Those weeks are past and I have neither seen nor heard from him, from which I conclude 'tis possible his business might have made it more convenient for him to have sailed from London for America than from here. I regret it much, as I had hoped by such a conveyance my letters could not have failed of being taken care of and of arriving safe to your hands.

The opportunities that now present themselves of a ship from Leith and another from Greenock do not appear to me so favorable or certain, however I shall embrace them, as I would not wish to defer any longer thanking you for your last kind attentions to me and mine—it came most opportune and will enable me—without making any use of my yearly stipend for that

purpose—to pay my house rent, which fortunately for me is not at the rate houses in New York now are—need I repeat my sense of your kindness? No—I leave your own heart to judge what mine must feel from any mark of attention and affection from you. I received a letter from my father at the same time though not from Mr. Allen. In it he gives but a dismal description of himself and his situation and expresses the wish that I and my children would come and live with him. It hurts me to be under the necessity of refusing any offer of kindness from him, but it is a step I could not possibly take without running a risque of injuring my children, for I could not draw the pension settled upon them if I quitted Great Britain, at least it would be attended with great difficulties. Besides if my father is so reduced in circumstances as to find it difficult to subsist himself in decent comfort, what could a whole family do? Our joint income would not go far in a place where all the articles of life are now at so dear a rate; living in Edinburgh must be cheap in comparison with what it is in New York; and even in Edinburgh I assure you with the utmost economy (I mean such economy as excludes all approaches to meanness) your kindness

and aid, Captain Robertson's increasing attention in many little matters that are a help to my family, I shall find it rather a difficult matter to make my income of a hundred and eighty support me and four children growing up, who every year must become more and more expensive let me manage as well as possible—however I neither repine nor despond. My children are in themselves a treasure to me. My conscience tells me I am always amply fulfilling the duties of my station, and I have a firm hope and confidence that they will not be forsaken nor beg their bread."

This hope was fully realized: one daughter married the Archbishop of Canterbury, another the Bishop of Calcutta, and the third Sir James Moncrieffe.

We cannot wonder at the perfection of feminine letter-writing of those days, if many parents took such unvarying and incessant pains to form such a habit, as did Aaron Burr with his daughter Theodosia. When she was but a young girl of ten or twelve we find him writing to her minute instructions as to her penmanship: its size, its shape, the formation of sentences, the

spelling, the exact use of synonymes. He quotes her sentences, asking her to return them in a more elegant form; to translate them into Latin; to study the meaning, use, and etymology of every word in his letter; to keep for him a daily journal written in a narrative style. Even when on trial for treason, in 1808, he still instructed her; reproving her for negligent lack of acknowledgment of letters received. He commended her style, saying, "There is an energy, a selection, an aptitude in your expressions, which, to use the vulgar male slang, is not feminine." He says he will, when in Europe, put her in correspondence with literary persons, "the vainest of all creatures," and cautions her against ever taking the turn of one who feels flattered by such correspondence. He warns her that letters are always in danger of getting into print; and, altogether, I can fancy no rule of correct epistolary conduct left unsaid by Aaron Burr to his daughter.

That he had a high opinion of her powers we cannot doubt, and he urged her to write, saying once:

"Your idea of dressing up pieces of an-

cient mythology in the form of amusing tales for children is very good. You yourself must write them. Send your performances to me, and within three weeks after they are received you shall have them again in print. This will not only be a very amusing occupation, but a very useful one to yourself."

Let me give portions of letters from his wife, showing how Theodosia was taught :

Theo. never can or will make the progress we would wish her while she has so many avocations. I kept her home a week in hopes Shepherd would consent to attend her at home, but he absolutely declined it, as his partners thought it derogatory to their dignity. I was therefore obliged to submit, and permit her to go as usual. She begins to cipher. Mr. Chevalier attends regularly, and I take care she never omits learning her French lesson. I believe she makes most progress in this. Mr. St. Aivre never comes; he can get no fiddler, and I am told his furniture, &c., have been seized by the sheriff. I don't think the dancing lessons do much good while the weather is so warm; they fatigue too soon. I have a

dozen and four tickets on hand, which I think will double in value at my return. As to music, upon the footing it now is she can never make progress, though she sacrifices two thirds of her time to it. 'Tis a serious check to her other acquirements. She must either have a forte-piano at home, or renounce learning it. For these reasons I am impatient to go in the country. Her education is not on an advantageous footing at present. Besides, the playfellows she has at home makes it the most favourable moment for her to be at liberty a few weeks, to range and gain in health a good foundation for more application at our return, when I hope to have her alone; nay, I will have her alone. I cannot live so great a slave, and she shall not suffer. My time shall not be an unwilling sacrifice to others; it shall be hers. She shall have it, but I will not use severity; and without it, at present, I can obtain nothing; 'tis a bad habit, which she never deserves when I have her to myself. The moment we are alone she tries to amuse me with her improvement, which the little jade knows will always command my attention; but these moments are short and seldom. I have so many trifling interruptions, that my head feels as if I had been a

twelvemonth at sea. I scarcely know what I speak, and much less what I write. . . .

Theo. is much better; she writes and ciphers from five in the morning to eight, and also the same hours in the evening. This prevents our riding at those hours, except Saturday and Sunday, otherwise I should cheerfully follow your directions, as I rise at five or six every day. Theo. makes amazing progress at figures. Though Louisa has worked at them all winter, and appeared quite an adept at first, yet Theo. is now before her, and assists her to make her sums. You will really be surprised at the improvement. I think her time so well spent that I shall not wish to return to town sooner than I am obliged. She does not ride on horseback, though Frederick has a very pretty riding horse he keeps for her; but were she to attempt it now, there would be so much jealousy, and so many would wish to take their turn, that it would really be impracticable. But we have the best substitute imaginable. As you gave me leave to dispose of the old wheels as I pleased, I gave them as my part towards a wagon; we have a good plain Dutch wagon, that I prefer to a carriage when at Pelham, as the exercise is much better. We ride in num-

bers and are well jolted, and without dread. 'Tis the most powerful exercise I know. No spring seats; but, like so many pigs, we bundle together on straw. Four miles are equal to twenty. It is really an acquisition. I hope you will see our little girl rosy cheeked and plump as a partridge.

The letters of the daughter, Theodosia, scarcely show the brilliancy that might be expected from so careful an education. The following letter is to her husband :

We arrived yesterday morning, exactly the eighth day since I left you. Our passage was pleasant, inasmuch as we had no storms, and the most obliging, attentive captain. I never met with more unremitted politeness. He was constantly endeavoring to tempt my appetite by all the delicacies in his own stores. To the child he proved an excellent nurse when I was fatigued and the rest sick. We are now in my father's town house.

I have just returned from a ride in the country and a visit to Richmond Hill. Never did I behold this island so beautiful. The variety of vivid greens; the finely cultivated fields and gaudy gardens; the neat, cool air of the cit's boxes, peeping through

straight rows of tall poplars, and the elegance of some gentlemen's seats, commanding a view of the majestic Hudson, and the high, dark shores of New Jersey, altogether form a scene so lively, so touching, and to me so new, that I was in constant rapture. How much did not I then wish for you to join with me in admiring it. With how much regret did I recollect some rides we took together last summer. Ah, my husband, why are we separated? I had rather have been ill on Sullivan's Island with you, than well, separated from you. Even my amusements serve to increase my unhappiness; for if any thing affords me pleasure, the thought that, were you here, you also would feel pleasure, and thus redouble mine, at once puts an end to enjoyment. You do not know how constantly my whole mind is employed in thinking of you. Do you, my husband, think as frequently of your Theo., and wish for her? Do you really feel a vacuum in your pleasures? As for your wife she has bid adieu to pleasure till next October. When, when will that month come? It appears to me a century off. I can scarcely yet realize to myself that we are to be so long separated. Do not imagine, however, that I mean to beg you to join me this summer. No, my

husband, I know your reasons, and approve them. Your wife feels a consolation in talking of her sorrows to you; but she would think herself unworthy of you could she not find fortitude enough to bear them! God knows how delighted I shall be when once again in your arms; but how much would my happiness be diminished by recollecting that your advancement and interest suffered. When we meet, let there be nothing to alloy a happiness so pure, so unbounded. Our little boy grows charmingly; he is much admired here. The colour of his eyes is not yet determined. You shall know when it is.

I send you M'Kenzie; there is no London edition in town more elegantly bound. Before my departure you complained grievously of the bad cigars sold in Charleston. In the hope that this city affords better, I send you a box containing a thousand; the seller took some trouble to choose the best for me, and I have added some Vanilla and Tonka beans to them. May the offering please my great Apollo! If you should do so rash a thing as to visit the city during the summer, pray smoke all the time you remain there; it creates an atmosphere round you, and prevents impure air from reaching you.

I wish, also, that you would never be in town before or after the middle of the day. I have somewhere heard that persons were less apt to catch infectious disorders at that time than any other, and I believe it. Have you never remarked how highly scented the air is before sunrise in a flower-garden, so much so as to render the smell of any flower totally imperceptible if you put it to your nose? That is, I suppose, because, when the sun acts with all his force, the air becomes so rarefied, that the quantity of perfume you inhale at a breath can have no effect; while, on the contrary, during the night, the vapours become so condensed that you perceive them in every blast. May not the same be the case with noxious vapours? It is said that the fever in Charleston does not arise from that, but the filth of the streets are quite enough to make one think otherwise. Perhaps I am wrong both in my reason and opinion. If so, you are able to correct; only do as you think best, and be prudent. It is all I ask. I imagine the subject worth a reflection, and you cannot err. Montesquieu says he writes to make people think, and why may not Theodosia?

Eliza Southgate Bowne was a New-England woman by birth, but through her marriage she entered the best and most fashionable New York circle. Her letters have been carefully preserved, and are the freshest, most sprightly memoirs of her day that we possess. They show much individuality of style, and reveal a charming personality—vivacious, witty, and loving; a personality so real that it makes us regret her short life, for she died when twenty-five years of age of that fell curse of those of New-England blood—consumption.

Hear her fairly living account of a gay junketing in her girlhood days:

PORTLAND, March 1, 1802.

Such a frolic! Such a chain of adventures I never before met with, nay, the page of romance never presented its equal.—'Tis now Monday;—but a little more method, that I may be understood. I have just ended my Assembly's adventure,—never got home till this morning. Thursday it snowed violently; indeed for two days before it had been storming so much that the snow drifts were very large; however, as it was the last Assembly I could not resist the

temptation of going, as I knew all the world would be there. About 7 I went down stairs and found young Charles Coffin, the minister, in the parlor. After the usual enquiries were over he, staring awhile at my feathers and flowers, asked if I was going out;—I told him I was going to the Assembly. “Think, Miss Southgate,” said he, after a long pause, “think, would you go out to meeting in such a storm as this?” Then assuming a tone of reproof he entreated me to examine well my feelings on such an occasion. I heard in silence, unwilling to begin an argument that I was unable to support. The stopping of the carriage roused me. I immediately slipped on my socks and coat and met Horatio and Mr. Motley in the entry. The snow was deep, but Mr. Motley took me up in his arms and sat me in the carriage without difficulty. I found a full Assembly, many married ladies and every one disposed to end the winter in good spirits. At 1 we left dancing and went to the card-room to wait for a coach. It stormed dreadfully; the hacks were all employed, as soon as they returned, and we could not get one till 3 o’clock—for about 2 they left the house determined not to return again for the night.

It was the most violent storm I ever knew ; there were now 20 in waiting, the ladies murmuring and complaining. One hack returned ; all flocked to the stairs to engage a seat. So many crowded down that 'twas impossible to get past ; luckily I was one of the first. I step't in, found a young lady, almost a stranger in town, who keeps at Mrs. Jordan's, sitting in the back-seat. She immediately caught hold of me and beg'd, if I possibly could accommodate her, to take her home with me, as she had attempted to go to Mrs. Jordan's, but the drifts were so high the horses could not get through ; that they were compelled to return to the hall, where she had not a single acquaintance with whom she could go home. I was distres't, for I could not ask her home with me, for sister had so much company that I was obliged to go home with Sally Weeks and give my chamber to Parson Coffin. I told her this, and likewise that she could be provided for if my endeavors could be of any service. None but ladies were permitted to get into the carriage ; it presently was stowed in so full, that the horses could not move. The door was burst open, for such a clamor as the closing of it occasioned, I never before heard ;—the uni-

versal cry was—"A gentleman in the coach, let him come out." We all protested there was none, as it was too dark to distinguish, but the little man soon raised his voice and bid the coachman proceed; a dozen voices gave contrary orders; 'twas a proper riot; I was really alarmed. My gentleman, with a vast deal of fashionable independence, swore no power on earth should make him quit his seat, but a gentleman at the door jump't into the carriage, caught hold of him, and would have dragged him out if we had not all entreated them to desist. He squeezed again into his seat, inwardly exulting to think he should get safe home from such rough creatures as the men, should pass for a lady, be secure under their protection,—for none would insult him before them, mean creature!! The carriage at length started full of ladies and not one gentleman to protect us, except our ladyman, who had crept to us for shelter. When we found ourselves in the street, the first thing was to find out who was in the carriage and where we were all going; who first must be left,—luckily, two gentlemen had followed by the side of the carriage, and when it stop't took out the ladies as they got to their houses. Our sweet little,

trembling, delicate, unprotected fellow sat immovable whilst the two gentlemen that were obliged to walk thro' all the snow and storm, carried all the ladies from the carriage. What could be the motive of the little wretch for creeping in with us I know not; I should have thought 'twas his great wish to serve the ladies, if he had moved from the seat, but 'twas the most singular thing I ever heard of. We at length arrived at the place of our destination. Miss Weeks asked Miss Coffin (for that was the unlucky girl's name) to go home with her, which she readily did;—the gentlemen then proceeded to take us out, my beau unused to carrying such a weight of sin and folly, sank under its pressure, and I was obliged to carry my mighty self through the snow which almost buried me. Such a time,—I never shall forget it. My great-grandmother never told any of her youthful adventures to equal it. The storm continued till Monday, and I was obliged to stay, but Monday I insisted, if there was any possibility of getting to sister's, to set out. The horse and sleigh were soon at the door, and again I sallied forth to brave the tempestuous weather (for it still snowed) and surmount the many obstacles I had to meet with

We rode on a few rods, then coming directly upon a large drift, we stuck fast. We could neither get forward nor turn round. After waiting till I was most frozen we got out and with the help of a truckman the sleigh was lifted up and turned towards a cross street that led to Federal Street. We again went on; at the corner we found it impossible to turn up in turn, but must go down and begin where we first started, and take a new course; but suddenly turning the corner we came full upon a pair of trucks heavily laden; the drift on one side was so large that it left a very narrow passage between that and the corner house; indeed we were obliged to go so near that the post grazed my bonnet. What was to be done? Our horses' heads touched before we saw them. I jump't out, the sleigh was unfastened and lifted round, and we again measured back our old steps. At length we arrived at Sister Boyd's door, and the drift before it was the greatest we had met with; the horse was so exhausted that he sunk down and we really thought him dead;—'twas some distance from the gate and no path;—the gentleman took me up in his arms and carried me till my weight pressed him so far into the snow that he had no

power to move his feet.—I rolled out of his arms and wallowed till I reached the gate ; then rising to shake off the snow, I turned and beheld my beau fixed and immovable ; he could not get his feet out to take another step.—At length, making a great exertion to spring his whole length forward, he made out to reach the poor horse, who lay in a worse condition than his master. By this time all the family had gathered to the window, indeed they saw the whole frolic ; but 'twas not yet ended, for, unluckily, in pulling off Miss Weeks' bonnet to send to the sleigh to be carried back, I pulled off my wig and left my head bare. I was perfectly convulsed with laughter. Think what a ludicrous figure I must have been, still standing at the gate, my bonnet half way to the sleigh and my wig in hand : However I hurried it on, for they were all laughing at the window, and made the best of my way into the house ; the horse was unhitched and again set out and left me to ponder on the incidents of the morning. I have since heard of several events that took place that Assembly night much more amusing than mine—nay, Don Quixote's most ludicrous adventures compared with some of them will appear like the common events of the day.

With the exception of Charlotte Lennox, who, though born into the provincial court-circle of New York, spent all her life after girlhood in England, and who seems to have completely cut away all connection with the neighbors of her youth, this little group, not of authors, but rather—to borrow Carlyle's word, if not his meaning—of “waiting-women,” were closely allied in their lifetimes. They were all of the same station in life, all were gentlewomen—“persons of some importance in their day,” many of them were kinswomen, and their life cycles were constantly intersecting each other. For instance, one who lived her married life away from New York—Mrs. Quincy—was made the recipient, at the death of Judge Vanderkemp, of all the letters written to him by Mrs. Margaret Livingstone; and it was Mrs. Quincy who caused to be printed in America the works of Mrs. Grant, and who forwarded to Scotland as handsel a very tidy sum in American dollars.

James Howell wrote in his day, “Letters are the Idea and the truest Mirror of the Mind; they shew the Inside of a Man.” I do not know whether they show the inside

of a man, but I feel sure that these letters show the innermost heart of the women who wrote them. They beat with their hearts' blood, and having been written by living creatures to other breathing human creatures, put us closely in touch with them all, and thrill us down through the century with an elusive subtle sense of acquaintance with the writers, which we never feel for them through their stories and verse. Many of these letters were written by women who never wrote aught but letters; but their simple way of "saying artless, ageless things" shows us the homely manner of thought and life of their day, and for that reason give to their writings an historical value, if only as a point for comparison.

I have grown to know these sensible, kindly, dead-and-gone New York women of Revolutionary and Federal days very closely through their letters, and I find them very lovable and very much in touch with our own day in all tender and womanly feeling, and far beyond us in noble patriotism and heroism. Of their letters and stories, as literary compositions, I can only say, to paraphrase quaint old Thomas Fuller's euphu-

istic words: "What they undertook is to be admired as creditable; what they performed is to be commended as profitable; wherein they failed to be excused as pardonable."

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

EARLY POETRY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

BY EMILY ELLSWORTH FORD.

To Mrs. Charlotte Ramsay Lennox belongs the honor of being the earliest comer among the many women who have added lustre to the literature of New York. In her day she took rank with the leading women writers of England: Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter, and Miss Hannah More. Beginning in 1747, for fifty-seven years she wrote poetry, novels, and plays, edited a periodical, and made translations, all her work being so meritorious that Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, used her name to illustrate his definition of the word "talent."

Charlotte Ramsay, daughter of Colonel James Ramsay, commander of what Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, calls "The shadowy palisaded Fort" of Albany, and later Lieuten-

ant-Governor of New York, was born in the City of New York in 1720. At fifteen years of age she was sent to England to complete her education. The aunt to whom she was consigned she found insane, and upon the death of her father she was thrown upon her own resources. She essayed to be an actress, but failed ; and turned author for her bread. She quickly achieved a social distinction, winning the friendship of the leading men of letters of her time. In 1748 she married and had one son, who many years later obtained employment in America. She died in penury in 1804, at the age of eighty-four, having been for some time supported by the Literary Fund and the kindness of Sir George Rose and William Beloc.

Her first volume was a collection of poems, published under her maiden name, and "printed for and sold by S. Paterson, at Shakspear's Head, opposite Dunham Yard, in the Strand. Price, one shilling and sixpence," no copy of which can be found on this side of the Atlantic; but in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1750, there are two poems addressed to her and two of her own composition. Her longer poem on

"The Art of Coquetry" is written in the metre of Pope, and with his good sense and keen observation of life, but without his brilliant antithesis. And, really, her other verses do not suffer in contrast with poems to "The Small Pox," "To a Pimple on a Lady's Face," and invocations to the tenuous wandering ghosts of Daphnis and Chloe, who ranged through literature in pastoral idyls, or even with the withered odes to "Horror" and "Ill Nature," or a "Description of a place in the Infernal regions allotted to Old Maids," that fill the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that date.

In 1752 she wrote a novel, "The Female Quixote," dedicated to the Earl of Middlesex, in which the heroine, Arabella, is the feminine counterpart of Cervantes's hero. Fielding praised it, and the work was very favorably received. In 1750 she published "The Life of Harriet Stuart," a romance. This was followed in 1753 by two volumes entitled "Shakespeare Illustrated," to which, at a later day, was added a third. This work consists of the plays and histories on which Shakespeare founded his dramas, collected and translated from the original authors.

In 1756 Mrs. Lennox translated from the French "The Memoirs of the Countess of Berci," which was soon succeeded by her "Sully's Memoirs," printed in three volumes. This biography has been frequently reprinted, the last edition being issued in 1864, and still in print. In 1758 she published "Henrietta," described as a novel of considerable ability, and in 1760, with the aid of the Earl of Cork and Orrery and Dr. Johnson, she made a translation, published in three volumes, of Father Brumoy's "Greek Theatre." During 1760-61 she edited a magazine called *The Ladies' Museum*, followed two years after by a novel entitled "Sophia," which is inferior to her earlier stories; and in 1790 by "Euphemia," another novel.

Her plays were: First — "Philander," printed in 1757, a dramatic pastoral not intended for the stage. The hint of this pastoral came from Father Guarini's "Pastor Fido." In it she introduces a deity in actual form and presence, which should be done only in masques and allegorical pieces. Second — "The Sisters," printed in 1769, founded on the author's own story of "Henrietta." Of this a reviewer in the *Gentle-*

man's Magazine for March, 1769, says: "The dialogue is natural, lively, and elegant; the incidents are uncommon, yet within the pale of dramatic probability, and the sentiments are just and refined. It wants an intermixture of light scenes such as a familiar acquaintance with the stage might have furnished, without the abilities of Mrs. Lennox; and which, if her abilities had been still greater, could not perhaps have been furnished without a familiar acquaintance with the stage." It was played for one night at the Covent Garden Theatre, while Dr. Goldsmith's epilogue prefixed to it "was perhaps the best that has appeared in the course of the last fifty years." Three of the characters in Burgoyne's "Heiress" were borrowed from it. A German translation by J. C. Beck appeared in 1776. Her third play, entitled "Old City Manners," was printed in 1773, and acted at the Drury Lane Theatre in 1775. This is an adaptation of Jonson, Marston and Chapman's play, "Eastward Ho!" Later she issued proposals written by Dr. Johnson to publish her writings in three volumes, but this plan seems never to have been realized, although

"Her Majesty had condescended to be the Patroness." Her last translation was printed in 1774: "The Duchess de la Valliere's Meditations and Penitential Prayers," with an account of her life. Her last work was "The Life of Henry Lennox," with the "Legendary Remains," published in 1804. This list of publications, remarkable for continuity and variety, and very popular in her day, remains in testimony of her industry and breadth.

Her friendships were most delightful. According to Boswell, Dr. Johnson, the literary Great Mogul of the day, was her great admirer, while Richardson, Smollett, Goldsmith, and Fielding were friends both socially and professionally. Johnson found time to translate for Mrs. Lennox's version of Brumoy "A Dissertation on the Greek Comedy" and the "General Conclusion of the Book." He also wrote the Dedication to the Earl of Middlesex of Mrs. Lennox's "Female Quixote," and to the Earl of Cork and Orrery of her "Shakespeare Illustrated." Dr. Johnson is reported to have said, "I dined yesterday with Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Fanny Burney. Three such women are not to be found. I

know not where I could find a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superior to them all." It was in her cause that he defined the "rascal" as differing from the "liar," on hearing that an acquaintance intended to go to the playhouse to hiss the first performance of her new play. "These compliments," one writer says, "turned her head, with the result that nobody liked her." Miss Burney says "Mrs. Thrale did not like her." She may have felt her a rival in Johnson's intimacy. There is a most curious account of a feast given her by Dr. Johnson when "The Life of Harriet Stuart" was published in 1751-52: "Spent the night in festivity at the Devil's Tavern with twenty people, Mrs. Lennox, a lady well known in the literary world and her husband" (the only mention we have yet found of him). "There was a magnificent apple pye stuck with bay leaves because Mrs. L. was an authoress and had written verses and he prepared for her a crown of laurel with which, but not until he had evoked the muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brows. About five o'clock Johnson's face shone with meridian splendor though his

drink had been only lemonade. At day dawn they had coffee, and it was not until eight o'clock that the creaking of the street door gave the signal for our departure." Macaulay speaks of the "pleasant satire of Charlotte Lennox," and Ticknor, in his "History of Spanish Literature," mentions her book as a "direct imitation of Don Quixote, and on that account a failure."

All this shows that, in her day, Mrs. Lennox was considered a superior woman in her guild. Mr. Austin Dobson gives an outline sketch of her in one of his "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," but does not, perhaps, do justice to her personality. For besides the lettered monarchs of those active literary years, she seemed to have pleased the Earl of Cork and Orrery, Dr. Granger, the Earl of Middlesex, and many other admirers. Her portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and engraved by Bartolozzi. The two poems from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, even making allowance for high-flown language and gallantry, prove this admiration.

The one other colonial poet of repute was Mrs. Ann Eliza Bleecker, daughter of Brandt Schnyler, born in the City of New York in

1752, and always a resident of the Province. She began writing as a young girl, her juvenile quips and playful verses giving her a home reputation; but it was not until after her marriage in 1769 that any of her work was preserved. Her husband encouraged her writing, and took pride in its preservation. When Burgoyne was invading the country in 1777 the family fled, at a few hours' notice, from their happy home in Tomhanick, near Albany, "when the enemy were within two miles of the village, pillaging and murdering all before them." Mrs. Bleecker, taking her babe on her arm, set off on foot with her little girl four years old and a young mulatto maid, leaving her home to fire and plunder. Her house was entered and ravaged by the British, and a playful expostulation addressed to General Burgoyne, which she had left in her bureau drawer, was carried off with the rest of her early writings. After walking some miles she found an asylum in the garret of the house of a rich acquaintance, where she remained all night. The next day Mr. Bleecker came from Albany, and started with her by water for that city. Twelve miles below Albany

her little Abella was taken so ill that they went on shore, where the child died. Soon after her invalid mother passed away, and then her last remaining sister. In 1781 her husband was taken prisoner by a party of Tories from Canada, and she endured tortures of anxiety while he was absent. These terrors and sorrows, acting on a delicate frame, gave a pensive character to all her later verse, and her early death, at the age of thirty-four, prevented the maturing of her power.

Her little volume, entitled "Posthumous Works of Ann Eliza Bleecker in Prose and Verse," to which is added "A Collection of Essays, Prose and Poetical, by Margareta Faugeres," her daughter, published in 1793, has always been a prize book for collectors, and has now reached the dignity of rich bindings and illustrations.

The longest poem in this volume is the Bible story of Joseph, put into bald and prosaic verse. Her descriptions of her home, Tomhanick, and the scenery along the Hudson are true, and she anticipates Lowell and Whittier in allusions to native birds—the whippoorwill, the catbird, and the quail—

instead of the English lark and nightingale. Her elegiac verse has natural feeling, expressed in the mode of the day, and here and there is a well-balanced stanza, as :

“Death is the conqueror of clay
And can but clay detain;
The soul superior springs away
And scorns his servile chain.

“The just arise, and shrink no more
At graves and shrouds and worms;
Conscious they shall, when time is o’er,
Inhabit angel forms.”

Mrs. Bleecker, writing in 1770 and somewhat later, is properly a colonial writer, but Mrs. Margaretta Faugeres, her daughter, really did her work some twenty years later; and although their writings were printed in the same volume, she must be called the first woman poet of the State of New York. Certainly her play, “Belisarius,” with Miss Hatton’s “Songs of Tammany,” which preceded hers in printing by a year, are the first two dramatic efforts of New York women.

Mrs. Faugeres attempts a stronger flight

than her mother, but her diction is strained and pompous. The best bit of her occasional verse is the two first verses of an ode to the moon, often given in collections. Passages of her tragedy "Belisarius," a play with plot, movement, fervor, and some constructive power, make this early essay at tragedy of an American woman very creditable. The first two paragraphs of the short preface are so characteristic of the style of writing of that era that we quote them: "Ever indulgent to the weakest emanations of genius, a benevolent public has enabled the Author of 'Belisarius' to bring forward her first dramatic performance, and though it may not be perfect as those pieces which are produced by authors who have paid long and strict attention to the Theatre, yet she flatters herself, that as an historical Tragedy, it will meet with a kind reception.

"She has endeavoured to avoid all that unmeaning rant which forms so conspicuous a part in most productions of this kind together with the awful *asseverations* and *maledictions*.—What their effect upon the stage may be, she knows not, but to a

mere reader they are ever tiresome, and frequently disgusting ; for which reason, as 'Belisarius' was from its commencement intended for the closet, she had attempted in their stead, to substitute concise narrative and plain sense."

In 1794 Ann Eliza Hatton printed "The Songs of Tammany ; or, The Indian Chief ;" a serious opera, written entirely for music. Whether any music was composed or used remains unknown. From the text we infer the action to be laid in a tropical climate. Mamana, the heroine, and Tammany, the hero, chant their loves, with Ferdinand, Indian Priest, chorus of Spaniards, male and female Indians, all pretty much in the same metre. A verse will show the quality of the whole, as the characters all talk alike :

"At eve, to lure the finny prey
As through their coral groves they stray,
Or on their oozy beds supine,
They in the radiant sunbeams shine.

"Beneath the moon's pale light to rove,
The aloed wood, or palmy grove,
These, these are sweet, but not to me
So sweet as is my Tammany."

All the poems printed in the volume of Mrs. Bleecker and Mrs. Fangeres, with some not there included, were first published in the *New York Magazine*, which lived seven or eight years, two or three poems being given in one number. Other women were writing at this period—Miss Locke, and unidentified Julias, Calistas, Ethelindas, Lavinias, Philenias, Violas, who admired the “warbling woes” of the Della Cruscan school. This *New York Magazine* used to print first original verse and then selections. Gray’s “Elegy,” “Ruin Seize Thee, Ruthless King,” Miss Helen Maria Williams’s sonnets, translations from Tasso and Horace, bits from Dryden, follow “Lines to a Bat,” “Address to a Miniature Profile,” “Sonnet to an Evergreen,” “To Nisus, by Matilda,” “Ode to Liberty,” “Calista,” “Domestic Happiness,” and “To the Memory of Miss Eliza Haevey, who died at Brunswick in May, 1790. By a young lady.” There seems to be little thought and much epithet in these profuse women writers. Occasionally they disclose a bit of natural description, as :

“The wind that lifts the trembling latch
 In the dumb stillness of the night,
 The creaking door, the ticking watch,
 And even the crackling fire affright.”

Two stanzas, called “The Solitary,” may be taken as specimens of these many verses:

“Thro’ the gloom of distress I wander alone,
 Alone must I roam through life’s asper-
 ous maze,
 Does Earth no such product as permanence
 own,
 Ah, is there no friendship that never
 decays?
 Ah No! Helpless Clara, Experience re-
 plies,
 Ne’er seek for a flood without bottom
 or shore.
 The friendships that bless thee decay as
 they rise,
 The place that once knew them, now
 knows them no more.”

One writer, who takes the signature of Petronella, the daughter of St. Peter, for a pen-name, has written three humorous pieces. One of them—“The Story Itself”—has dialect in it; the other two are “The

Case in Chancery " and " Answer to the Mouse's Petition;" and we must say they are not quite so laboriously playful as those of the contemporary male satirists.

"The Medley of Prose and Verse" (N.Y., 1810), by Catherine Weller, seems to have drifted down the stream of Time only to be stranded in several libraries. Here are sonnets, falsely so called, in nine stanzas of six short lines in each stanza, and "Colin and Emma, a Pastoral Elegy." The first poems are paraphrases of Bible stories—of "The Loaves and Fishes," "The Widow's Son Restored," "Esau," "Bartimeus and the Healing Touch," "The Withered Hand," "The Fig Tree," "The Deluge," and "The Rescue," which we should call "The Good Samaritan." Of these "Bartimeus" is the best. Following these are a Sacred Eclogue of "Jacob and Rachel," and a secular one of "Philander and Euphemia." "The Happy Nymph's Apology" has these verses, which are as good as anything in the volume:

"When vernal suns begreen the dale,
And tepid dews the flowers adorn,
Then with the lark she hastes to hear
The orient morn.

"Or when pale autumn's sickly hues
Deform the mead and strip the groves,
The pensive moral she pursues
While oft she roves."

"The Violet" in prose shows more poetic feeling and expression than the verse. We give it in full: "Lovely little flower! arrayed in purple and gold, cinque-leaved and edged by the richest touch of Nature's pencil, how richly elegant! how sweetly simple is thy attire, yet with declining head thou seekest the embowering rose-tree, or the mantling honeysuckle, to save thee from the gaze of the admiring eye. Go, little paragon, go to the bedizened coquette or the painted belle, and show her that in vain she exhausts precious hours at the toilette; though she sparkle in diamonds or glitter in brocade, she can never attain thy exquisite charms, thy inimitable beauty and elegance."

The period between 1810 and 1828 seems bare of woman's verse. Whether the Della Cruscan strain died of weakness, or whether the unsettled state of the politics of the country allowed neither poetic leisure nor poetic moods, the fact remains that, except

for a scattering volume or two, the contributions to the *New York Magazine* and the *New York Museum* contain all the poetic expression for this period. These contributions disappeared also, and in the two volumes of "The Ladies' Cabinet" for 1821-22, among many hundred original and selected poems, but five appear to have been written by women, though many of the unsigned verses may belong to them. None have any distinction of quality, while "The Court of Apollo"—as "The Poet's Corner" was called in the early New York magazines—shows only vapid thoughts and feeble expression as the offering of male poets. An exception may be noted in the fine poem of "The Soul's Defiance," by Mrs. Lavinia Stone Stoddard, written in 1818-20. The few volumes that have drifted down to us are: "Poems by Mrs. Ann Muzzy," printed in 1821, with another book of poems by Mrs. Eliza Murden in 1827, of which neither volume can be found, and a "Medley of Religious and Moral Verse, by a Lady of New York, 1822," ascribed to Mrs. Haight, of Brooklyn, with a Recommendation to the Public, signed by five clergymen and one physician! In

it there is a paraphrase of "Robin Adair," called "Mourning the Lost Joys of Salvation." Three out of eleven stanzas of this poem are given :

"What's life or wealth to me?
 God is not near.
 What wish I now to see,
 What wish to hear?
 Where's all the joy and peace
 Made this earth a paradise?
 O they are all fled with thee,
 Jesus, my dear.

"I hate the sins that drive
 My God afar,
 And mourn my lukewarm love,
 Jehovah Jah!
 Leap o'er my sins and come.
 Skip o'er them, pray thee run,
 And come to my relief,
 Come, Jesus dear.

"Great Shepherd of the sheep,
 If I'm thy care,
 Preserve my lubric feet
 From rambling more.
 Far, far from thee I've gone,
 Bring me to the fold again,

And let me never stray,
Ah, never more."

Poems and prose are saturated with religious feeling, and fairly drip with emotion. Two verses from another poem might be taken from a Romish Breviary:

"Jesus, thou art the brightest gem,
The loveliest, fragrant flower,
The brightest stalk, the fairest stem,
That smiles in Eden's bower.

"The sweetest lily of the fields,
The fairest blooming rose,
The choicest plant that heaven yields,
Most graceful bud that blows."

and these two "Medleys," with the poor stuff on the pages of the magazines, comprise all that remains of women's poetry (except a few better things by Mrs. L. S. Stoddard) for a period of thirty-two years, from 1795 to 1828, when there was a renaissance of song.

Hannah Lindley Murray wrote in these years, but did not publish. She was an accomplished linguist and translator, and, with the assistance of her sister, composed a poem

in eight books on "The Restoration of the Jews." After her death a few of her miscellanies were published in a "Memoir" by Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D., N.Y. : 1849.

Next in order is the sweet and refined work of Lucretia Maria Davidson, the young forerunner of the new school of poets and prophets, who wrote her longest poem, "Amir Khan," in 1823, when she was fifteen years old. In these barren years, Maria James, a Welsh nurse-maid and dress-maker in the family of a sister of Chancellor Livingston, was delighting her employers and their friends with simple, unaffected verse, but her volume of poems, with an introduction by Dr. Porter, President of Union College, was not published until 1839. One of the later writers, Mrs. Embury, alludes to this barren time in a playful verse :

"No women folks were rushing then
Up the Parnassian mount,
And seldom was a teacup dipped
In the Castalian fount;
Apollo kept no pursuivant
To cry out 'Place aux Dames!'
In life's round game they held good hands,
And didn't strive for palms."

But Bryant and Halleck and Brainerd were breaking up the hard, dry sterility of the first twenty-five years of the century with fresh lyrical song, not modelled on their English predecessors, nor reminiscent of Milton, Cowper, Pollok, or Byron, and soon after a group of gifted women struck the lyre with equal spontaneity, if not equal power.

Mrs. Emma .C. Embury was the earliest of these, for in 1828 she printed her first volume, "Guido, and Other Poems," and at once became a favorite with the public for her naturalness, good sense, and tender sentiment. Her prose also was popular, and she wrote and published many volumes of marked value for her day and generation. One of the last was "The Waldorf Family," an illustrated fairy tale of Brittany, published in 1848.

In "The Rivals of Este, and Other Poems," published in 1829, by Maria E. Brooks, in conjunction with her husband, James G. Brooks, there is varied and easy versification, but the thread of thought is slight, and drawn to tenuity. There are some good bits in her longest poem, where Scott's nar-

rative metre is used—in the address to Ugo, the end of the attack on the Castle of Este, and the stanza commencing, “Years as they pass.”

By the side of Mrs. Embury wrought Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Miss Elizabeth Bogart, Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, Mrs. E. C. Kinney, mother of the accomplished poet, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, and others who did creditable work.

Mrs. Ellet published her volume, “Poems Original and Translated,” with a tragedy, “Teresa Contarini,” in 1835. In 1843 Mrs. E. Oakes Smith published a volume, “The Sinless Child, and Other Poems,” with two tragedies and eight other books, of which the last, “Kate Howard’s Journal,” was printed in 1871.

In her tragedy of “Old New York,” published in 1853, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith has the distinction of choosing a subject in American history, and placing the scenes in her own city. Jacob Leisler was an historical character, superseded by Sloughter as Governor of New York in 1689, when William and Mary ascended the English throne. Leisler was executed by an order of Sloughter, writ-

ten when intoxicated, and his bones long after were taken up and reinterred under the Old Dutch Church in this city. The poet dared to go to American annals, and has described a political revolution with a domestic under-plot, carefully and strongly worked out, which hurries on the political catastrophe. This tragedy rises in its progress, and the whole of Scene 3, in Act III., between Margaret and Milburn and Elizabeth and Hannah, is noble and pathetic. The whole of Act IV. is concentrated feeling and swiftly hurrying action, and the whole of Act V. is laden with the intense natural feeling of souls caught in a net of circumstance, and upbraided at once by conscience, by love, and by meaner souls outside, whose position gives them power and opportunity.

Of both "Belisarius" and "Old New York" it may be said that, though faulty, they are not false.

Mrs. Pierson wrote two volumes of verse, "Forest Leaves" and "The Forest Minstrel," published in 1845. Mrs. Kinney published verse in the *Knickerbocker* before 1841, and later a long narrative poem, "Felicità."

With this brilliant group also appear Mrs.

Emily Chubbuck Judson (Fanny Forrester) with her volume of miscellanies called "Alderbrook," which, though severely reviewed in England, delighted her country folk with its American tone; Mrs. Emeline S. Smith with her volume, "The Fairy's Search," 1847; Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer, Mrs. Elizabeth J. Eames, Mrs. M. E. Moore Hewitt (who published in 1845 a volume entitled "Songs of our Land, and Other Poems"), Miss Susan Pindar, Miss E. Justine Bayard (afterwards Mrs. Fulton Cutting), Mrs. Mary Noel Meigs McDonald, of the same family as Mrs. Bleecker, who published a large volume by M. N. M. in 1841, and Miss Lucy Hooper, whose poems were printed in 1845. Mrs. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood), published her volume of "Poems" in 1850; Mattie Griffith (afterwards Mrs. Albert G. Browne, a resident of New York for many years) issued a volume in 1843. These women still stand as the representatives of a new school of writers in our State, while some of them who printed in 1836 still wrote and published in 1870.

One of the latest of this group of remarkable women is Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, who has the light touch made fashionable

by Thomas Moore. She was the feminine counterpart of N. P. Willis, playful and tender little verses flowing in streams from her pen. Her first book, "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," was published in 1839 in London, whither she had accompanied her artist husband. Her poems on "Labor" and "Slander," and the one "Call me Pet Names, Dearest," still hold a place in public favor. She published a second volume in 1845, and a complete collection of her poems in 1850, the year of her death.

In Margaret Fuller Davidson, who died in 1838, at the age of fifteen, we see a Puritan Marie Bashkirtsoff. She had the same thirst for fame to consume her physical life, in spite of different heredity, temperament, and training. At the age of ten she wrote and acted a drama of passion called "The Tragedy of Alethia," produced on a stage in New York, with scenes, dresses, and action planned by herself, so that, as she exceeded her sister Lucretia in precocity and poetic sensibility, her brief life was two years shortened by her prodigality of expression.

Mrs. Anne Lynch Botta had a more serious vein than most of this group. Liberty,

Patriotism, Duty held their ideals before her soul, while she sang in finished, scholarly, well-wrought verse of "Wasted Fountains" and "Bones in the Desert," of "Italy" and "France." Her sonnets are exceptionally beautiful, both in thought and in expression. She had a lovely, harmonious spirit, and was surrounded all her life by friends and admirers. While her first volume, which was illustrated by the best artists of her day, was published in 1849, yet her beneficent life continued until 1891. From 1841, when she published her "Rhode Island Book," to the month in which she died, when the *Century Magazine* printed one of her sonnets, she did frequent and very admirable work.

Another writer of this group, Mrs. Estelle Robinson Lewis, appeared with "Records of the Heart" in 1844. In quick succession were printed "The Child of the Sea," "Myths of the Minstrel," and her tragedy "Helenah." "Sappho of Lesbos" (considered her best work) and "The King's Stratagem" were published twenty years after, and "Sappho" went through ten London editions, was translated into modern Greek, and praised in the Eng-

lish journals. It has certainly vivacity, invention, correct mise en scène, and excellent constructive power; the characterization of Anacreon and the other lovers of Sappho is clear and historical, yet it is not in the least classic. In her other tales, "Florence," "Isabelle," "Zenel," she takes Byron as a model of form, and his "Corsair," "Giaour," and "Parisina" as models of plots. It really seems surprising that with so many poetical gifts she has left in her many volumes so little that is now interesting.

Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, writing in 1836 her first play, "Pelayo," a romance in verse, produced poems, stories, plays, sketches, travels, until 1867, when she finished with "The Clergyman's Wife." "Fashion," her best play, was acted at the Park Theatre with fair success, and she was herself for some years a favorite actress.

We must also include in this period Mrs. Elizabeth Drew Barstow Stoddard, for she wrote poems for the *Knickerbocker*, and has continued writing, a dramatic poem having appeared in *Lippincott's* within three years, while this year (1893) HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains also a sonnet. The quality and

themes of her writing differ from most of the school. Like Mrs. Howe, she has her own flavor, and has done exceptionally strong work.

Then came the Civil War, when Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, a native of New York, wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the song that of all others embodied the feeling of the North. Her other work has been multifarious, but the chronicle of women singers ends with her. Indeed, it is a question whether the early poetry of the State of New York can properly include her illustrious name or the brilliant one of Mrs. Stoddard, since they still write.

After 1860 a great change passed over the spirit of poetry. Then appeared the *ewige weibliche* literature, which emancipated itself from the artificial models of the past. The great admiration of the best critics of the time for Lucretia Maria Davidson is explained by the difference between her freshness of pensive sentiment and the affectation of the school who preceded her. This contrast accounts for the two large biographies by Miss Sedgwick and by Washington Irving, besides Prof. Morse's sketch of the

two young sisters, Lucretia and Margaret, whose works now seem so very commonplace. The poets who came after the Davidsons were sincere lovers of truth and nature, and their poems, plays and prose, whether historical, ethical, or religious, do not attitudinize. Even when most lachrymose, they are written with simplicity and fidelity to nature, and with lyric ease and smoothness.

They admired and loved each other, and addressed poems to one another, as men do now. Mrs. Embury writes to Miss Clinch; Miss Bogart writes to "Estelle," and "Estelle" answers. When Lucy Hooper, of Brooklyn, died at the age of twenty-four, Whittier sends his monody, and Tuckerman his sonnet of lament. Frances Sargent Osgood delights in impromptus to friends. Indeed, her verses beginning "Your heart is a music-box, dearest," might have been written to herself, as any one who turned the key would have drawn forth delicate music. This is a testimony to the responsiveness and friendliness of this group, qualities so marked in their writings.

Their engraved portraits were in the

magazines and annuals, as the likenesses of living authors now adorn the current periodicals. In an old number of *Godey's Lady's Book* is a frontispiece of Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith and Mrs. Osgood, with sketches of their lives.

In examining the many and thick volumes of verse published from 1830 to 1860, the themes are found to vary little; the domestic affections, love of nature, occasional pieces dedicated to friends, often filling a volume of many pages. Verses on birth, death, travel, and the various experiences of life as they touch the feelings, show the feminine sympathy ever active and ever demonstrative. These fluent, sincere, and often graceful poems were treasures to the circle they celebrated. They possess the great beauty of simplicity, while they rarely show profound feeling or attain exquisite expression. There is a literature for the moment as well as for all time, as necessary as daily bread, most fit for the level moods of humanity, and always welcome.

The poets of this literature, like the essayists and other writers of the early century,

have wellnigh ceased to be interesting to us. But it becomes us to be humble-minded, in view of the fact that our work in turn will be dreary, except as a historical or social study, to our successors. The more the literature of the hour satisfies him who "runs as he reads," the closer it is shaped to the present mood, the less it represents the great universal sympathies of humanity. Yet to please and edify one's own generation is, perhaps, meed enough for poetry or prose, and our literary foremothers had this great happiness.

THE ART OF COQUETRY.

YE lovely maids ! whose yet unpractis'd
 hearts
Ne'er felt the force of Love's resistless arts ;
Who justly set a value on your charms,
Pow'r, all your wish ; but beauty, all your
 arms ;
Who, o'er mankind, wou'd fain exert your
 sway,
And teach the lordly tyrant to obey ;
Attend my rules, to you alone address.
Deep let them sink in every female breast.
The queen of love herself my bosom fires,
Assists my numbers, and my thoughts
 inspires ;
Me she instructed in each secret art,
That first subdues and then enslaves the
 heart ;
The sigh that heaves by stealth, the start-
 ing tear,
The melting languish, the obliging fear ;
Half-utter'd wishes, broken kind replies,
And all the silent eloquence of eyes ;
To teach the fair by various wiles to move
The soften'd soul, and bend the heart to love.

Proud of her charms, and conscious of her
face,

The haughty beauty calls forth ev'ry grace,
With fierce defiance throws the killing dart;
By force she wins, by force she keeps the
heart.

The witty fair a nobler game pursues,
Aims at the head, but the rapt soul sub-
dues.

The languid nymph enslaves with softer
art,

With sweet neglect she steals into the
heart;

Slowly she moves her swimming eyes around,
Conceals her shaft, but meditates the wound ;
Her gentle languishments the gazers move,
Her voice is musick, and her looks are love.
To few tho' nature may these gifts impart,
What she withholds, the wise can win from
art.

Then let your airs be suited to your face,
Nor to a languish tack a sprightly grace,
The short round face, brisk eyes and auburn
hair,

Must smiling joy in every motion wear,
The quick unsettled glance must deal
around,

Hide all design, and seem by chance to
wound.

Dark rolling eyes a languish may assume,
These, the soft looks and melting airs become ;

The pensive head upon the hand reclin'd,
As if some sweet disorder fill'd the mind ;
Let the heav'd breast a struggling sigh
restrain,

And seem to stop the falling tear with pain.
The youth, who all the soft distress believes,
Soon wants the kind compassion which he
gives.

But beauty, wit, and youth may sometimes
fail,

Nor always o'er the stubborn soul prevail ;
Then let the fair one have recourse to art.
Who cannot storm, may undermine the heart.
First form your artful looks with studious
care,

From mild to grave, from tender to severe ;
Oft on the careless youth your glances dart,
A tender meaning let each glance impart.
Whene'er he meets your looks with modest
pride,

And soft confusion, turn your eyes aside,
Let a soft sigh steal out, as if by chance,
Then cautious turn, and steal another glance ;
Caught by these arts, with pride and hope
elate

The destin'd victim rushes on his fate ;

Pleas'd his imagined victory pursues,
And the kind maid with soft attention
views,
Contemplates now her shape, her air, her
face,
And thinks each feature wears an added
grace;
'Till gratitude which first his bosom proves,
By slow degrees sublim'd, at length he
loves.
'Tis harder still to fix than gain a heart;
What's won by beauty, must be kept by
art.
Too kind a treatment the blest lover cloy,
And oft despair the growing flame destroys:
Sometimes with smiles receive him, some-
times tears,
And wisely balance both his hopes and
fears.
Perhaps he mourns his ill-requited pains,
Condemns your sway, and strives to break
his chains;
Behaves as if he now your scorn defy'd,
And thinks at least he shall alarm your
pride:
But with indifference view the seeming
change,
And let your eyes to seek new conquests
range;

While his torn breast with jealous fury
burns,

He hopes, despairs, adores and hates by
turns ;

With anguish now repents the weak deceit,
And powerful passion bears him to your feet.

Strive not the jealous lover to perplex,
Ill suits suspicion with that haughty sex ;
Rashly they judge, and always think the
worst,

And love is often banished by distrust.

To these an open free behavior wear,

Avoid disguise, and seem at last sincere ;

Whene'er you meet affect a glad surprise,

And give a melting softness to your eyes :

By some unguarded word your love reveal,

And anxiously the rising blush conceal.

By arts like these the jealous you deceive,

Then most deluded when they most believe.

But while in all you seek to raise desire,

Beware the fatal passion you inspire :

Each soft intruding wish in time reprove,

And guard against the sweet invader Love.

Not for the tender were these rules design'd,

Who in their faces show their yielding
mind :

Whose eyes a native languishment can wear,

Whose smiles are artless, and whose blush
sincere ;

But for the nymph who liberty can prize,
And vindicate the triumph of her eyes :
Who o'er mankind a haughty rule maintains,
Whose wit can manage what her beauty
gains :

Such by these arts their empire may improve,
And unsubdu'd control the world by love.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE LENNOX.

AN ODE

On the Birthday of Her Royal Highness the Princess
of Wales. Presented to Her Royal Highness by
the Right Honourable, the Earl of Middlesex.

AGAIN the swift revolving year
Returns the bright, th' auspicious morn,
That shed its kindest influence here,
When Britain's future queen was born.

Still may the Sun on this blest day
With brighter beams indulgent rise,
Still emulate the gladdening ray,
And milder glories of her eyes.

Those charms thy spotless youth adorn
Each rip'ning hour shall more display ;
So the soft blushes of the morn
Give promise of a brighter day.

The pomp of pow'r, the grateful awe,
And homage which on sovereigns wait,
Your eyes without that aid could draw,
And not demand it, but create.

Yet not that all-commanding form,
That face where love's soft graces play,
Tho' bright in every female charm,
Shall claim, alone, the muse's lay.

She meditates a nobler praise,
And wings a far more glorious flight,
Drinks in thy virtue's fuller blaze,
And basks in those fair beams of light.

First, in the ever-smiling train,
Religion sheds diffusive grace,
In thy fair breast confirms her reign,
And gives the sacred sweets of peace.

There every generous passion glows
That can the human soul refine.
There soft maternal fondness flows,
And love so pure, 'tis half divine.

Well has it been decreed by fate,
A form so fair, so bright a mind,
Should grace the world's chief regal seat,
And bless the noblest of mankind.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE LENNOX.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

From "Philander."

HAIL! Phœbus, son of Jove!
Great patron of the moving lyre,
Whose sounds soft peace and smiling joy
inspire,
And give new pleasures to the blest
above.
To thee our noblest lays belong!
Thine is the poet, thine the song,
Eternal source of light, of music, and of
love!

Hail! mighty Pœan, hail: —
Ascender of thy father's throne,
Thy force the rebel giants own
Who vainly hoped against him to prevail.
Thy name redeemed Thessalia sings,
And all her noblest offerings brings
To thee, by whose dread arm the mighty
Python fell.

Who can thy frown sustain?
Or bear, impure, thy piercing ray?
Thou, on the guilty bosom, pour'st the day,

And all the wretch's crimes are seen :
Lo! perjured beauty justly dies ;
Accept this awful sacrifice,
And bless, oh bless, Arcadia with thy
smiles.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE LENNOX.

THAUMANTIA AND FAME.

"Go, Thaumantia," said Jove, "and descend
from the sky,

For Fame's golden clarion I hear;
Go, learn what great mortal's desert is so
high

As to ask notes so loud, sweet, and
clear."

The goddess in haste meets the starry-
wing'd dame,

And demands why her notes she does
raise.

"For the greatest of patriots and heroes,"
said Fame,

"Tell Jove, it is Washington's praise!"

Mrs. ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

TO MRS. D——.

DEAR Betsey, now Pleasure the woodland
has left,
No more in the water she laves,
Since winter the trees of their bloom has
bereft,
And stiffen'd to crystal the waves.

Now clad all in fur our guest she appears,
By the fireside a merry young grig ;
She pours out the wine, our pensiveness
cheers,
And at night leads us out to a jig.

Then venture among the tall pines if you
dare,
Encounter the keen arctic wind ;
Dare this for to meet with affection sin-
cere,
And Pleasure untainted you'll find.

I know you have Pleasure, my sister, ny
whiles,
But then she appears in great state ;

She is hard of access, and lofty her smiles,
While Envy and Pride on her wait.

Thro' drawing-rooms, Betsey, you'll chase
her in vain,

The Colonel may seek her in blood ;
The Poets agree (and they cannot all feign)
That she's born and resides in the wood.

. Mrs. ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

BELISARIUS.

ACT I.

Scene: An outer chamber belonging to the Palace.

Enter the EMPEROR JUSTINIAN.

EMPEROR: 'Tis not in man to cherish chaste content

In his tumultuous soul; discordant passions,

Now rising like the billows in a storm,
Carry him far beyond where reason reigns,
And now exhausted by the boisterous fray
Drop far below her sphere —

He who is poor longs for the chink of gold,

The unsocial pomp of stiff magnificence,
The jargon of a thousand senseless terms—
And thinks that greatness is exempt from woe;

Nor knows that dainties pall upon the taste,
And pleasures made too common lose their relish.

Pleasures! can grandeur boast of pleasures
then!

Ah no—'tis but another word for care:

Nor can the sparkling of a diadem

Eclipse its mournful meaning.—

The precious gale, that through the lattice
blows

On the tir'd body of some sleeping slave,
(When weary day hath sunk beneath the
main)

Cools the high ferment of his feverous blood,
And gives him slumbers sweeter; but to me
Its gentle whisperings seem like sounds of
death—

From dreams of mutiny, and schemes, and
murder,

I start, and think some bold conspirator
Breathes near my bed, and springing up
dismay'd,

I stalk around my chamber a sad prey
To torturous reflection—my broken rest
Sheds a damp on my heart—I'll stretch me
here;

Perhaps calm sleep, the dear oblivious
power,

May yield by day the bliss that night
denies.

[Throws himself upon a sofa, and
drops a curtain before him.]

JULIA (*formerly betrothed to BELISARIUS*):

I love not—

No, I despair; and nothing charms my
soul

But deeds of death, and thoughts of deep
revenge;

Though the birds chaunt in every rustling
copse,

And fountains warbling roll, and scented
gales

Blow cool along the shadowy mountain's
side,

They yield me no delight—from blissful
views

Rancorous I turn away—and, like the
spider,

From most salubrious and precious sweets,
I only gather poison.

THEODORA (*wife of the EMPEROR JUSTIN-
IAN*): I'll go myself this moment and
give orders

For his removal to some cheerful place,
Where kind attendance, and my best phy-
sician,

May woo his scattered senses back again;

For thus insane he loses sense of woe.

This mania is a balm, a sovereign cure

For all the ills that fester in the heart;

It sets the warring passions all asleep,
 Blotting out good and ill;—'tis peace—'tis
 bliss,
 And that my vengeance meant not to
 bestow :
 I meant him anguish and eternal pangs;
 But the mad feel not—therefore, when that
 life,
 Fraught with rich vigor, through 'his ar-
 teries rolls,
 And reason rises cloudless in his brain,
 Embracing courteous hope, then will I go
 And break the vain enchantment: galling
 chains
 Shall load his shivering limbs, and shock-
 ing curses
 Pursue him to his lurid den again.
 This will be sweet revenge—there let him
 try
 If the bright wit that jeer'd a woman's
 foibles
 Will light the dungeon where her fury
 dwells. [Exits hastily.

Mrs. MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES.

TO THE MOON.

WHILE wandering through the dark blue
vault of heaven,

Thy trackless steps pursue their silent
way,

And from among the starry hosts of
even,

Thou shed'st o'er slumbering earth a
milder day;

And when thou pour'st abroad thy shadowy
light

Across the ridgy circles of the stream,
With raptured eyes, oh, changeful nymph
of night,

I gaze upon thy beam.

Great was the hand that formed thy round,
oh Moon!

That marked the precincts of thy steady
wheel,

That bade thee smile on Night's oblivious
noon,

And rule old Ocean's solemn swell.

Great was the power that filled with radiant light

Those worlds unnumbered, which from pole to pole

Hang out their golden lamps to deck thy flight

Or gild the planets which around thee roll.

Long hast thou reigned and from thine amber throne

The various changes of this world hast known ;

Hast seen its myriads into being rise,
Shine their short hour and then their life resign.

New generations seize the fickle prize
And like their sires, but strengthen to decline ;

Yet be not vain [though since thy natal day

Some thousand years their circling course have made.]

For lo, the era hastens on apace,
When all thy glories shall forever fade.

Earth shall the revolution feel,
The change of seasons shall be o'er,

Time shall forget to guide his wheel
And thou, oh Moon, shalt set to rise no more.

Mrs. MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES.

DEDICATION.

I WOULD not ask,—for that were vain,—
To mingle with the reaper train,—
Who gayly sing, as hast'ning by
To pile their golden sheaves on high;
But with the group who meet the view,
In kerchief red and apron blue,
I crave the scatter'd ears they yield,
To bless the gleaner of the field.

MARIA JAMES.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

THE ring-dove's note, in eastern climes,
May wing with speed the sultry hours,
And England's boasted nightingale
May charm with song her native bow-
ers;—

Yet there is one, and only one,
Whose note is dearer far to me;
Though his is not the gorgeous plume,
Nor his the voice of harmony.

He shuns the crowded haunts of men,
And hies to forest far away,—
Or seeks some deep, secluded vale,
To pour his solitary lay,—

Or, haply at some cottage door,
At fall of night, when all is still,
The rustic inmates pause to hear
The gentle cry of "Whip-poor-will."

How often, in my childish glee,
At evening hour my steps have stray'd,

To seek him in his lone retreat,
Beneath the close embowering shade.

With beating heart and wary tread,
I stretch'd my hand to seize the prey,—
When, quick as thought, the minstrel rose,
Blithe warbling as he sped away.

He flies the abodes of luxury,
Nor heeds the frown, nor courts the smile,
But nightly seeks the rural scene,
And sings to rest the sons of toil.

RHINEBROOK, Nov. 15th, 1833.

THE BROOM.

GIVE me a broom, one neatly made
In Niscayuna's distant shade;
Or bearing full its staff upon
The well-known impress, "Lebanon."
A handle slender, smooth and light,
Of bass-wood, or of cedar white;
Where softest palm from point to heel
May ne'er a grain of roughness feel,—
So firm a fix, the stalks confine;
So tightly drawn the hempen line;
The fan-like spread, divided wove,
As fingers in a lady's glove—
To crown the whole, (and save beside,)
The loop, the buckskin loop is tied.

With this in hand, small need to care
If C——y or J——n fill the chair—
What in the banks is said or done—
The game of Texas lost or won—
How city belles collect their rings,
And hie to Saratoga Springs;—
To Erie's or Ontario's shore,
To hear Niagara's thunders roar—

While undisturb'd my course I keep,
Cheer'd by the sound of sweep, sweep,
sweep.

See learned Doctors rack their brains,
To rid mankind of aches and pains,
When half, and more than half, arise
From want of prudence,—exercise.
The body like a garment wears,
And aches and pains may follow years;
But when I see the young, the gay,
Untimely droop and pine away,
As if the life of life were o'er,
Each day less active than before,—
Their courage fled, their interest cold,—
With firmer grasp, my broom I hold.

Nor is this all: in very deed
The broom may prove a friend in need;
On this I lean—on this depend;
With such a surety, such a friend,
There's not a merchant in the place
Who would refuse me silk or lace;
Or linen fine, or broadcloth dear,
Or e'en a shawl of fam'd Cashmere,
Though prudence whispering, still would
say,
“Remember, there's a rainy day.”

"Hand me the broom" (a matron said,)
As down the hose and ball were laid;
"I think your father soon will come;
I long to see him safe at home.
Pile on the wood, and set the chair,—
The supper and the board prepare;
The gloom of night is gathering fast,—
The storm is howling o'er the waste."

The hearth is swept, arrang'd the room,
And duly hung the Shaker broom,
While cheerful smiles and greetings wait
The master entering at his gate.
Let patriots, poets, twine their brows
With laurel, or with holly boughs;
But let the broom-corn wreath be mine,
Adorn'd with many a sprig of pine;
With wild-flowers from the forest deep,
And garlands from the craggy steep,
Which ne'er have known the gardener's
care,
But rise, and bloom spontaneous there.

MARIA JAMES.

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I SAID to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on—thou mayst destroy this form,
And lay it low to rest ;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks,
With steadfast eye."

I said to Penury's meagre train,
"Come on—your threats I brave ;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave ;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile."

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
"Pass on—I heed you not ;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot ;

Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles."

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
"Strike deep—my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress."

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
"Aim sure—oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by this last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away."

Mrs. LAVINIA STONE STODDARD.



SI JE TE PERDS, JE SUIS PERDU.*

THE tempest howls, the waves swell high,
Upward I cast my anxious eye,
And fix my gaze, amidst the storm,
Upon thy bright and heavenly form.
Angel of mercy! beam to save;
See, tossing on the furious wave,
My little bark is sorely prest;
O guide me to some port of rest;
Shine on, and all my fears subdue,
Si je te perds, je suis perdu.

To catch thy ray, my aching sight
Shall pierce the gloomy mists of night;
But if, amidst the driving storm,
Dark clouds should hide thy glittering form,
In vain each swelling wave I breast,
Which rushes on with foaming crest;
'Mid the wild breakers' furious roar,
O'erwhelmed I sink, to rise no more.

* Written on seeing the device on a seal, of a man
guiding a small boat, with his eye fixed on a star, and
this motto : *Si je te perds, je suis perdu.*

Shine out to meet my troubled view,
Si je te perds, je suis perdu.

Then if I catch the faintest gleam,
Onward I'll rush beneath the beam,
And fast the wingèd waves shall bear
My form upon the midnight air,
Nor know my breast one anxious fear—
For I am safe if thou art near.
Lead onward, then, while I pursue,
Si je te perds, je suis perdu.

So may the Star of Bethlehem's beam
With holy lustre mildly gleam,
To guide my soul with sacred light
Amidst the gloom of error's night;
Its cheering ray shall courage give—
Midst seas of doubt my hope shall live;
Though dark and guilty fears may storm,
Bright peers above its radiant form;
Though seen by all yet sought by few,
Si je te perds, je suis perdu.

Within my heart the needle lies
That upward points me to the skies!
The tides may swell, the breakers roar,
And threaten soon to overwhelm me o'er—
Their wildest fury I defy;
While on that Star I keep my eye,

My trembling bark shall hold her way,
Still guided by its sacred ray,
To whose bright beam is homage due,
Si je te perds, je suis perdu.

Soon to illumine those threatening skies,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
And on my soul his glories pour;
Securely then my bark I'll moor
Within that port where all are blest—
The haven of eternal rest.
Shine onward, then, and guide me through,
Si je te perds, je suis perdu.

Mrs. JULIA RUSH CUTLER WARD,
Mother of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

COLDLY she sat, while graceful hands her
stately form arrayed
In silken robes, and wreathed her hair in
many a jeweled braid;
But all a woman's vanity was in the vivid
glow
That flattery's magic tones awoke upon her
cheek and brow.

Beside her hung the pictured form of Scot-
land's matchless queen—
O! language would need rainbow hues to
paint that glorious mien,
That face which bare the high impress of
majesty, and yet
Where Love, as if to win all hearts, his
fairest seal had set.

And bitter was the scorn that filled Eliza-
beth's proud eye,
As turning from her mirrored self, she saw
her rival nigh;



But transient was the cloud, and soon she
bent with smiles to greet
The graceful little page who now was
kneeling at her feet.

“Letters from Scotland” — eagerly she
grasped the proffered scroll,
Which sharper than a scorpion’s sting
could pierce her haughty soul;
And timidly her maidens shrunk; for quick-
ly could they trace
Fierce passion in the darkening hue that
gather’d o’er her face.

The white foam stood upon her lip, and
wildly beat her heart,
Till its convulsive throbbings rent her
’broidered zone apart:
“Away!” she cried—awe-struck they stood
to hear that anguished tone,—
“Away!” — like frightened fawns they fled,
and she was left alone.

O! fiercer than the angry burst of ocean’s
tameless wave
Is woman’s soul, when thus unchecked its
maddening passions rave;

But soon the storm was spent, and then
like rain-drops fell her tears,
While thus the heart-struck queen bewailed
her lone and blighted years :—

“All, all but this I could have borne—
methought that queenly pride
Had checked within my woman’s breast
affection’s swelling tide;
But vainly has my spirit sought ’mid glory
to forget
The youthful dreams whose faded light
gleams o’er my fancy yet.

“And she has realized those dreams—aye,
she whose gentle brow,
In all its graceful loveliness, is turned upon
me now ;
Mary of Scotland ! gladly would my lofty
heart resign
The pomps and vanities of power, to win
such joy as thine.

“O ! dearer far than halls of state the hum-
ble cottage hearth,
Where childhood’s happy tones awake in
all their reckless mirth ;



And happier far the meanest churl, than
she, within whose breast
Affection's soft and pleading voice by pride
must be repress.

"A mother's joy! a mother's pride!—O!
what is regal power
To the sweet feelings that are born in such
a blissful hour?
Now well art thou avenged, fair queen, of
all my jealous hate,
For thou hast clasped a princely son, and
I—am desolate!"

Mrs. EMMA C. EMBURY.

CHARADE.

(MOCKING-BIRD.)

THE boldest heart that ever yet
Was cased in mortal clay,
Rather than bear my first would face
An armed host's array.
For by brute sufferance alone
The body's pains are borne,
But e'en the mind's unbending strength
Quails 'neath the sting of scorn.

My second comes with all things fair,
Spring sunshine, dews and flowers,
And though it shuns the leafless bough,
Loves well the summer bowers.
Full many love its matin song,
But more its vesper hymn,
When twilight's gentle breezes wake
And sunset's light grows dim.

My whole is born in Southern clime,
Where summer rules the year;

Oft in the wilderness its strains
Delight the traveller's ear.
But like a patriot stern and true,
It brooks no foreign shore,
And ere it reach a stranger land
Its life and song are o'er.

Mrs. EMMA C. EMBURY.

TO PEACE.

(From a volume privately printed.)

COME holy dove of Peace!
And fold thy sheltering wings about my
heart,
Hushed to repose, bid its complainings
cease,
Its sorrows all depart.

Bear the green branch of life,
Above the troubled waters of my soul,
Quiet the angry waves of passion's strife,
Its storms control.

Thou hast a mighty power,
O! heavenly dove, our thoughts to bless,
Be mine, the treasure of thy priceless dower,
The peace of righteousness.
Mrs. SUSAN PINDAR EMBURY.

BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CON- QUEROR.

WITH slow, and solemn tread,—
Through aisles, where warrior figures grim
Stand forth in shadowy gloom;
While loudly peals the funeral hymn,
And censers waft perfume,
Bring they the kingly dead.

They bear him to his rest,
About whose lofty deeds is cast
The panoply of Fame;
Who gave his war-cry to the blast,
And left a Conqueror's mighty name
His nation's proud bequest.

Around his royal bier
The chieftains stand, in reverence bowed,
Amid a hush profound;—
When, from the vast assembled crowd,
A solemn voice with warning sound,
Rung on each startled ear.—

“Forbear!” it cried,—“forbear!
 This ground, mine heritage I claim,
 Here bloomed our household vine,
 Until this dead despoiler came
 And crushed its roots to raise this shrine,
 In mockery of prayer!—

“By all your hopes of earth,—
 As ye before the throne of Heaven,
 In judgment shall appear,
 As ye would pray your sins forgiven,—
 Lay not the tyrant’s ashes here,
 Upon my father’s hearth!”

Mute stood those warriors bold ;—
 Each swarthy cheek grew red with shame,
 That ne’er with fear had ‘paled.—
 And for his dust, before whose name,
 The stoutest hearts in terror quailed,
 They *bought* a grave with gold.

O victory!—veil thy brow,—
 What are thy pageants of an hour,
 Thy wreath—when stained with crime?
 O, Fame,—Ambition,—haughty Power,
 Ye bubbles on the stream of time,
 Where are your glories now?

Mrs. SUSAN PINDAR EMBURY.

SONG.

COME, fill a pledge to sorrow,
The song of mirth is o'er,
And if there's sunshine in our hearts,
'Twill light our theme the more.
And pledge we dull life's changes,
As round the swift hours pass—
Too kind were fate, if none but gems
Should sparkle in Time's glass.

The dregs and foam together
Unite to crown the cup—
And well we know the weal and woe
That fill life's chalice up!
Life's sickly revellers perish,
The goblet scarcely drained;
Then lightly quaff, nor lose the sweets
Which may not be retained.

What reck we that unequal tides
In varying currents swell!
The tide that bears our pleasures down,
Buries our griefs as well.

And if the swift-winged tempest
Have crossed our changeful day,
The wind that tossed our bark has swept
Full many a cloud away!

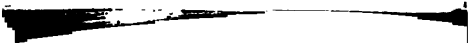
Then grieve not that nought mortal
Endures through passing years—
Did life one changeless tenor keep,
'Twere cause indeed for tears.
And fill we, ere our parting,
A mantling pledge to sorrow;
The pang that wrings the heart to-day
Time's touch will heal to-morrow.

MRS. E. F. ELLET.

ECHO.

ECHO was once a love-sick maid,
They say:—The tale is no deceiver!
Howe'er a woman's form might fade,
Her voice would be the last to leave her!

Mrs. E. F. ELLET.



THE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BUN-
KER HILL APPEAL.

"The trumpet call
Of freedom hath gone forth."—*Whittier.*

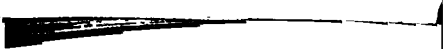
WE are coming, we are coming,
We have heard the thrilling call;
We are coming from the hill-side,
We are coming from the hall.
The city pours its thousands,
And the hamlet sends its pride,
As fought our patriot sires of old,
In battles, side by side;
Again the call hath waked us,
As it waked our fathers then,
When the voice that thrilled the mountains
Thrilled the valley and the glen.

We are coming, we are coming,
The daughters of the brave,
The memory of the patriot dead
From cold neglect to save;

Holy and dear to all our hearts
Those hero-sires of old,
Who left "the herd upon the lea,"
"The ploughshare in the mould ;"
We are coming to the rescue,
We answer for the free ;
The green graves of the slaughtered dead
A hallowed shrine must be.

We are coming, we are coming,
Again their deeds to tell,
Till the solid marble beareth
Their names where first they fell,
Joying to pour their hearts' blood forth
On soil so rich and free,
And watering with that noble stream
The tree of Liberty!
Now from each household of our land
Beneath its ample shade,
We are coming, we are coming,
Be the thrilling answer made.

We are coming, we are coming,
To breathe its hallowed air ;
We are coming, we are coming,
From homes beautiful and fair ;
We are coming, we are coming,
High thoughts our bosoms fill,
One watchword wakens every heart—
The name of Bunker Hill!



There Freedom's fire was lighted
And its flame was broad and high,
Till a wakened and a rescued land
Sent up its battle-cry!

"Old Massachusetts," dost thou need
To gem thy "lordly crown,"
Aught richer than that battlefield
Which tells of thy renown?
Home of the pilgrim sires who crossed
The waste and trackless sea,
Was it not meet that on thy soil
The first brave strife should be?
Dear to thy children in thy home,
Dear to thine exiles far;
To Freedom's sons in every age
It shines a beacon star.

We are coming, we are coming,
To raise an altar shrine!
Sacred to Freedom's honored name,
On hallowed soil of thine!
We are coming, we are coming,
That thy martyrs brave and free,
In the record of the future
Shall e'er be linked with thee,
That upon the glory never
One dimming shade may fall,
We are coming from the hill-side,
We are coming from the hall!

LUCY HOOPER.

"I AM YET A KING!"

[Francis I., being defeated at the battle of Pavia, was kept a prisoner by Charles V. On being released from captivity, as he mounted his horse he exclaimed "I am yet a king!"]

OH! lightly on his barb he sprung, that
monarch brave and free,
While from his lips the cheering words
broke forth exultingly,—
"I am yet a king, I turn once more un-
checked my bridle rein,
Now for the fields of sunny France, of
France, mine own again!

"I am yet a king—I am yet a king, oh,
France! that it should be
That ever on thy monarch's brow should
pale thy 'fleur-de-lis,'
That brave or knight of thine should e'er
be forced to yield his lance,
Yet, yet am I once more thy king, oh, sun-
ny land of France!

"I am yet a king—I am yet a king, the
heavy dream hath past,
And light word to an evil foe, I ween,
shall lightly last,
For swords shall gleam, and blood shall
flow, like rivers to the main,
So shall thy king, oh, gallant France! wash
out the evil stain.

"I am yet a king—I am yet a king, be mine
the kingly pride
To range once more in war array, my no-
bles at my side;
To see their lances brightly shine, and tread
my foemen down,
Till in the dust the glories lie of his Im-
perial crown.

"I am yet a king—I am yet a king! Oh
France, bright France, for me!
Thine are the golden lilies, thine the flower
of chivalry,
Thine are the clear and sunny skies, and
thine the glancing waters,
And brave, oh! brave are all thy knights,
and fair thy smiling daughters.

"I am yet a king—a king of thine, oh,
France! I feel it now;
What is the past, that it should cast a
shadow on my brow?

Again, again my hopes are high, again my
course is free,
Oh! pleasant land and sunny land, who
would not die for thee?

"I am yet a king—I am yet a king! once
more my sword is bright,
The captive soon shall prove himself true
king and noble knight,
For richly shall the blood stream flow, and
brightly lances shine,
Oh, France, ere thou shalt ever blush for
recreant son of thine!"

LUCY HOOPER.

PEBBLES.

GIVE me the pebble, little one, that I
To yon bright pool may hurtle it away :
Look how 't has changed the azure wave
to gray,
And blotted out the image of the sky !
So, when our spirits calm and placid lie—
When all the passions of the bosom sleep,
And from its stirless and unruffled deep
Beams up a heaven as bright as that on
high,
Some pebble—envy, jealousy, misdoubt—
Dashed in our bosom's slumbering waves
to jar,
Will cloud the mirrored surface of the
soul,
And blot its heaven of joy and beauty out.
Sin ! fling no pebble in my soul, to mar
Its solemn depths, and o'er it clouds to
roll !

CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

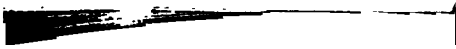
THE TWO VOICES.

A VOICE went forth throughout the land,
And an answering voice replied
From the rock-piled mountain fastnesses
To the surging ocean tide.

And far the blazing headlands gleamed
With their land-awakening fires;
And the hill-tops kindled, peak and height,
With a hundred answering pyres.

The quick youth snatched his father's
sword,
And the yeoman rose in might;
And the aged grandsire nerved him there
For the stormy field of fight.

And the hillmen left their grass-grown
steeps,
And their flocks and herds unkept;
And the ploughshare of the husbandman
In the half-turned furrow slept.
They wore no steel-wrought panoply,
Nor shield nor marion gleamed;
Nor the flaunt of bannered blazonry
In the morning sunlight streamed.



They bore no marshalled, firm array.
Like a torrent on they poured,
With the firelock, and the mower's scythe,
And the old forefather's sword.

And again the voice went sounding on,
And the bonfires streamed on high;
And the hill-tops rang to the headlands
back,
With the shout of victory!

So the land redeemed her heritage,
By the free hand mailed in right,
From the war-shod, hireling foeman's tread,
And the ruthless grasp of might.

MARY ELIZABETH MOORE HEWITT.

JUNE.

LAUGHINGLY thou comest,
 Rosy June,
With thy light and tripping feet,
And thy garlands fresh and sweet,
 And thy waters all in tune ;
With thy gifts of buds and bells
For the uplands and the dells,
With the wild-bird and the bee,
On the blossom or the tree,
And my heart leaps forth to meet
 thee,
With a joyous thrill to greet thee,
 Rosy June ;
And I love the flashing ray
Of the rivulets at play,
As they sparkle into day,
 Rosy June.

Most lovely do I call thee,
 Laughing June !
For thy skies are bright and blue,
As a sapphire's brilliant hue,

And the heats of summer noon,
Made cooler by thy breath—
O'er the clover-scented heath,
Which the scythe must sweep so soon;
And thou fan'st the fevered cheek
With thy softest gales of balm,
Till the pulse so low and weak
Beateth stronger and more calm.
Kind physician, thou dost lend,
Like a tried and faithful friend,
To the suffering and the weary every blessing thou canst bring;
By the sick man's couch of pain,
Like an angel once again
Thou hast shed a gift of healing from the
perfume-laden wing;
And the student's listless ear,
As a dreamy sound and dear,
Hath caught a pleasant murmur of the insect's busy hum,
Where arching branches meet
O'er the turf beneath his feet,
And a thousand summer fancies with the
melody have come;
And he turneth from the page
Of the prophet or the sage,
And forgetteth all the wisdom of his books;
For his heart is roving free
With the butterfly and bee,

And chimeth with the music of the brooks,
Singing still their merry tune
In the flashing light of noon,
One chord of thy sweet lyre,
Laughing June!

I have heart-aches many a one,
Rosy June!
And I sometimes long to fly
To a world of love and light,
Where the flowerets never die,
Nor the day gives place to night;
Where the weariness and pain
Of this mortal life are o'er,
And we fondly clasp again
All the loved ones gone before;
And I think to lay my head
On some green and sheltered bed,
Where, at dawning or at noon,
Come the birds with liquid note
In each tender warbling throat,
Or the breeze with mournful tune
To sigh above my grave—
Would be all that I should crave,
Rosy June!

But when thou art o'er the earth,
With thy blue and tranquil skies,

And thy gushing melodies,
And thy many tones of mirth—
When thy flowers perfume the air,
And thy garlands wreath the bough,
And thy birthplace even now
Seems an Eden bright and fair—
How my spirit shrinks away
From the darkness of the tomb,
And I shudder at its gloom
While so beautiful the day.
Yet I know the skies are bright
In that land of love and light,
Brighter, fairer than thine own, lovely
June!
No shadow dims the ray,
No night obscures the day,
But ever, ever reigneth high eternal
noon.

A glimpse thou art of heaven,
Lovely June!
Type of a purer clime
Beyond the flight of time,
Where the amaranth flowers are rife
By the placid stream of life,
Forever gently flowing;
Where the beauty of the rose
In that land of soft repose
Nor blight nor fading knows,

In immortal fragrance blowing.
And my prayer is still to see,
In thy blessed ministry
A transient gleam of regions that are all
divinely fair;
A foretaste of the bliss
In a holier world than this,
And a place beside the loved ones who are
safely gathered there.

MARY NOEL MEIGS McDONALD.

FROM "FELICITA."

I SAID that Nature to her child
A generous mother was ; for she,
With queenly height and majesty,
In her hath blent all graces mild :
Her eyes are like a brimming lake
Which hue and light from heaven doth
take ;
Her smile is Morning's ray serene
Ere sunlight makes too glad the scene ;
The mould of intellect her brow ;
Her lips were curved for Cupid's bow,
Tho' now, compress'd with thought, seem
thin,
And white, save by the pearls within ;
An ebon mantle is her hair—
So long, that for a widow 'twere
A mourning veil, on earth to trail ;
So lustrous, that the stars might shine
Mirrored upon its surface fine,
And she, enwrapt by it, compare
With night's starred goddess in her veil ;
While classic features, coldly fair,

And marble paleness, make her seem
One of the few of whom we dream—
A beauty half divine!

Mrs. E. C. KINNEY.

THE APRIL RAIN.

THE April rain—the April rain—
I hear the pleasant sound;
Now soft and still, like little dew,
Now drenching all the ground.
Pray tell me why an April shower
Is pleasanter to see
Than falling drops of other rain?
I'm sure it is to me.

I wonder if 'tis really so—
Or only hope the while,
That tells of swelling buds and flowers,
And Summer's coming smile.
Whate'er it is, the April shower
Makes me a child again;
I feel a rush of youthful blood
Come with the April rain.

And sure, were I a little bulb
Within the darksome ground,
I should love to hear the April rain
So gently falling round;

Or any tiny flower were I,
By nature swaddled up,
How pleasantly the April shower
Would bathe the hidden cup.

The small brown seed that rattled down
On the cold autumnal earth,
Is bursting from its cerements forth,
Rejoicing in its birth.
The slender spears of pale green grass
Are smiling in the light,
The clover opes its folded leaves
As if it felt delight.

The robin sings on the leafless tree,
And upward turns his eye,
As loving much to see the drops
Come filtering from the sky;
No doubt he longs the bright green
leaves
About his home to see,
And feel the swaying summer winds
Play in the full-robed tree.

The cottage door is open wide,
And cheerful sounds are heard,
The young girl sings at the merry
wheel
A song like the wilding bird;

The creeping child by the old worn sill
Peers out with winking eye,
And his ringlets rubs with chubby hand,
As the drops come pattering by.

With bounding heart beneath the sky,
The truant boy is out,
And hoop and ball are darting by
With many a merry shout.
Ay, sport away, ye joyous throng—
For yours is the April day;
I love to see your spirits dance
In your pure and healthful play.

Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH.

STRENGTH FROM THE HILLS.

COME up unto the hills — the strength is
there.

Oh thou hast tarried long,
Too long, amid the bowers and blossoms fair,
With notes of summer song.
Why dost thou tarry there? What though
the bird

Pipes matin in the vales—
The plough-boy whistles to the loitering
herd

As the red daylight fails.

Yet come unto the hills, the old strong
hills,

And leave the stagnant plain;
Come to the gushing of the new-born rills,
As sing they to the main;
And thou with denizens of power shalt
dwell,

Beyond demeaning care;
Composed upon his rock, mid storm and
fell,

The eagle shall be there.

Come up unto the hills; the shattered tree
Still clings unto the rock,
And flingeth out his branches wild and
free,

To dare again the shock.

Come where no fear is known; the sea-
bird's nest

On the old hemlock swings,
And thou shalt taste the gladness of un-
rest,

And mount upon thy wings.

Come up unto the hills. The men of old,
They of undaunted wills,
Grew jubilant of heart, and strong and
bold,

On the enduring hills—
Where came the soundings of the sea afar,
Borne upward to the ear,
And nearer grew the moon and midnight
star,

And God himself more near.

Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH.

MY LIFE.

My life is a fairy's gay dream,
And thou art the genii, whose wand
Tints all things around with the beam,
The bloom of Titania's bright laud.

A wish to my lips never sprung,
A hope in mine eyes never shone,
But, ere it was breathed by my tongue,
To grant it thy footsteps have flown.

Thy joys, they have always been mine,
Thy sorrows, too often thine own;
The sun that on me still would shine,
O'er thee threw its shadows alone.

Life's garland, then, let us divide,
Its roses I'd fain see thee wear,
For once, but I know thou wilt chide—
Ah! leave me its thorns, love, to bear!

ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll,—
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

In ocean cave still safe with Thee
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. EMMA HART WILLARD.

THE CHOSEN TREE.

"I'll choose this tree for mine!
When I'm afar, if thou wouldst know my
fate,
Look on it: if it flourish or decline,
Such destiny, believe, will me await.

"At the return of spring,
See if its leaves come forth all fresh and
bright;
List, if the robin in its branches sing
A carol gay; then know my heart is light.

"Come in the summer days
And visit it, and sit beneath its shade;
Seek its cool shelter from the noontide
rays,
Nor let it thy neglectfulness upbraid.

"And when with autumn's blast
Its golden-tinted leaves abroad are hurled,
Look if its trunk be hardy to the last,
For such will be my courage through the
world.

“ Watch it, dear friend, for me !
’Tis bending now to catch the water’s
tone ;
The wave, perhaps, may whisper to the
tree
Of him who blends its thriving with his
own.”

And then its name we graved
Upon the bark, and turned our steps away,
And o’er the river still the branches
waved,
And still the stream flowed on from day to
day.

And she, as years went by,
Oft wandered in her walks to that lone
spot ;
But to her questionings came no reply,—
The waves were mute, the breezes an-
swered not.

Dreamer, where art thou now ?
The axe has hewn thy tree, but not de-
stroyed ;
Rough-hewn, perchance, thy fortunes !
Where art thou ?
In what far land dost wander,—how em-
ployed ?

The sympathetic chain
Of friendship ever circles thee around,
And by its strong, majestic power, again
Thy image to thy chosen tree is bound.

For still thy friend of old
Is watching o'er thy visioned destiny;
Bound by her plighted word of faith to
hold
In this, thy speculative prophecy.

' MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

RETIREMENT.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in Heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour
And lead to endless day.

PHOEBE HINSDALE BROWN.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

LEAVE me not yet! Leave me not cold
and lonely,
Thou dear Ideal of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the
only,
Whom I would keep, though all the
world depart!
Thou that dost veil the frailest flower
with glory,
Spirit of light and loveliness and
truth!
Thou that didst tell me a sweet, fairy
story,
Of the dim future, in my wistful
youth!
Thou who canst weave a halo round the
spirit,
Through which naught mean or evil dare
intrude,
Resume not yet the gift, which I inherit
From Heaven and thee, that dearest,
holiest good!

Leave me not now! Leave me not cold
and lonely,

Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the tenderest—the
only,

With whom, of all, 'twould be despair
to part.

Thou that cam'st to me in my dreaming
childhood,

Shaping the changeful clouds to pageants
rare,

Peopling the smiling vale and shaded wild-
wood

With airy beings, faint yet strangely
fair;

Telling me all the sea-born breeze was
saying,

While it went whispering through the
willing leaves,

Bidding me listen to the light rain play-
ing

Its pleasant tune about the household
eaves;

Tuning the low, sweet ripple of the river,
Till its melodious murmur seem'd a song,

A tender and sad chant, repeated ever,

A sweet, impassion'd plaint of love and
wrong!

Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and
lonely,

Thou star of promise o'er my clouded
path!

Leave not the life, that borrows from thee
only

All of delight and beauty that it hath!

Thou that, when others knew not how to
love me,

Nor cared to fathom half my yearning
soul,

Didst wreath thy flowers of light around,
above me,

To woo and win me from my grief's
control:—

By all my dreams, the passionate and holy,
When thou hast sung love's lullaby to
me,

By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,
Which I have lavish'd upon thine and
thee:—

By all the lays my simple lute was learning
To echo from thy voice, stay with me
still!

Once flown—alas! for thee there's no re-
turning!

The charm will die o'er valley, wood,
and hill.

Tell me not Time, whose wing my brow
has shaded,
Has wither'd spring's sweet bloom with-
in my heart;
Ah, no! the rose of love is yet unfaded,
Though hope and joy, its sister flowers,
depart.

Well do I know that I have wrong'd thine
altar,
With the light offerings of an idler's
mind,
And thus, with shame, my pleading prayer
I falter,
Leave me not, spirit! deaf, and dumb,
and blind!
Deaf to the mystic harmony of nature,
Blind to the beauty of her stars and
flowers,
Leave me not, heavenly yet human teacher,
Lonely and lost in this cold world of
ours!
Heaven knows I need thy music and thy
beauty
Still to beguile me on my weary way,
To lighten to my soul the cares of
duty,
And bless with radiant dreams the dark-
en'd day:

To charm my wild heart in the worldly
 revel,
 Lest I, too, join the aimless, false, and
 vain;
Let me not lower to the soulless level
 Of those whom now I pity and disdain!
Leave me not yet:—leave me not cold and
 pining,
 Thou bird of paradise, whose plumes of
 light,
Where'er they rested, left a glory shining;
 Fly not to heaven, or let me share thy
 flight!

Mrs. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

TO MY PEN.

Dost know, my little vagrant pen,
That wanderest lightly down the paper,
Without a thought how critic men
May carp at every careless caper,—

Dost know, twice twenty thousand eyes,
If publishers report them truly,
Each month may mark the sportive lies
That track, oh shame! thy steps unruly?

Now list to me, my fairy pen,
And con the lesson gravely over;
Be never wild or false again,
But “mind your Ps and Qs,” you rover!

While tripping gaily to and fro,
Let not a thought escape you lightly,
But challenge all before they go,
And see them fairly robed and rightly.

You know the words but dress the frame,
And thought's the soul of verse, my fairy!

So drape not spirits dull and tame
In gorgeous robes or garments airy.

I would not have my pen pursue
The "beaten track"—a slave for ever;
No! roam as thou wert wont to do,
In author-land by rock and river.

Be like the sunbeam's burning wing,
Be like the wand in Cinderella;
And if you touch a common thing,
Ah, change to gold the pumpkin yellow!

May grace come fluttering round your
steps,
Whene'er, my bird, you light on paper,
And music murmur at your lips,
And truth restrain each truaut caper.

Let hope paint pictures in your way,
And Love his seraph-lesson teach you;
And rather calm with reason stray
Than dance with folly, I beseech you!

In faith's pure fountain lave your wing,
And quaff from feeling's glowing chal-
ice;
But touch not falsehood's fatal spring,
And shun the poisoned weed of malice.

Firm be the web you lightly spin,
From leaf to leaf, though frail in seem-
ing,
While Fancy's fairy dew-gems win
The sunbeam Truth to keep them gleam-
ing.

And shrink not thou when tyrant wrong
O'er humble suffering dares deride thee :
With lighting step and clarion song,
Go ! take the field, all Heaven beside thee.

Be tuned to tenderest music when
Of sin and shame thou'rt sadly singing ;
But diamond be thy point, my pen,
When folly's bells are round thee ring-
ing !

And so, where'er you stay your flight,
To plume your wing or dance your meas-
ure,
May gems and flowers your pathway light
For those who track your tread, my
measure !

But what is this ? you've tripp'd about,
While I the mentor grave was playing ;
And here you've written boldly out
The very words that I was saying !

And here, as usual, on you've flown
From right to left—flown fast and faster,
Till even while you wrote it down,
You've miss'd the task you ought to master.

PYGMALION.

Life coming into the statue of Galatea.

.

MOVELESS she stood, until her wandering
glance

Upon the rapt face of the sculptor fell ;
Bewildered and abashed, it sank beneath
The burning gaze of his adoring eyes.
And then there ran through all her trem-
bling frame

A strange, sweet thrill of blissful conscio-
ness,

Life's wildest joy, in one delicious tide,
Poured through the channels of her new-
born heart,
And love's first sigh rose quivering from
her breast.

She turned, and, smiling, bent her towards
the youth,

And blushed love's dawn upon him as he
knelt.

He rose, sprang forward with a passionate
cry,

And joyously outstretched his waiting arms ;
And lo ! the form he sculptured from the
stone,

Instinct with life, and radiant with soul,
A breathing shape of beauty, soft and warm,
Of mortal womanhood, all smiles and tears,
In love's sweet trance upon his bosom lay.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

TO MISS A. C. L.—.*

THY life is like a fountain, clear, upspring-
ing

Beside the weary way I'm treading now ;
I love to linger near, and feel it flinging
Its freshening waters on my fevered brow.

Thy gentle heart is like the couch of rest-
ing,

That welcomes home the wanderer of the
deep,

To my tired spirit, wearied with long
breasting

The midnight waves that round about
me sweep.

Thy soul is like a silver lake at even,

Emblem of power, and purity and rest,—
Within its depths the eternal stars of
heaven,

While earth's fair lilies float upon its
breast.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

* Miss Anne C. Lynch.

THE END

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

FROM THE EASY CHAIR. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 00.

OTHER ESSAYS FROM THE EASY CHAIR. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 00.

PRUE AND I. Illustrated Edition. 8vo, Illuminated Silk, \$3 50. Also 12mo, Cloth, Gilt Tops, \$1 50.

LOTUS-EATING. A Summer Book. Illustrated by KENSETT. 12mo, Cloth, Gilt Tops, \$1 50.

NILE NOTES OF A HOWADJI. 12mo, Cloth, Gilt Tops, \$1 50.

THE HOWADJI IN SYRIA. 12mo, Cloth, Gilt Tops, \$1 50.

THE POTIPHAR PAPERS. Illustrated by HOPPIN. 12mo, Cloth, Gilt Tops, \$1 50.

TRUMPS. A Novel. Illustrated by HOPPIN. 12mo, Cloth, Gilt Tops, \$1 50.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 50 cents.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. A Eulogy. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

 *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*

By CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

JUPITER LIGHTS. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 25.
EAST ANGELS. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 25.
ANNE. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 25.
FOR THE MAJOR. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.
CASTLE NOWHERE. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.
RODMAN THE KEEPER. 16mo, Cloth,
\$1 00.

Miss Woolson is among our few successful writers of interesting magazine stories, and her skill and power are perceptible in the delineation of her heroines no less than in the suggestive pictures of local life.—*Jewish Messenger*, N. Y.

Constance Fenimore Woolson may easily become the novelist laureate.—*Boston Globe*.

Miss Woolson has a graceful fancy, a ready wit, a polished style, and conspicuous dramatic power; while her skill in the development of a story is very remarkable.—*London Life*.

Miss Woolson never once follows the beaten track of the orthodox novelist, but strikes a new and richly loaded vein, which so far is all her own; and thus we feel, on reading one of her works, a fresh sensation, and we put down the book with a sigh to think our pleasant task of reading it is finished.—*Whitehall Review*, London.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

 Any of the above works will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.

By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

AS WE WERE SAYING. With Portrait, and Illustrated by H. W. McVICKAR and others. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 00.

OUR ITALY. An Exposition of the Climate and Resources of Southern California. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$2 00.

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD. A Novel. Post 8vo, Half Leather, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, \$1 50.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH AND WEST, with Comments on Canada. Post 8vo, Half Leather, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, \$1 75.

THEIR PILGRIMAGE. Richly Illustrated by C. S. REINHART. Post 8vo, Half Leather, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, \$2 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

 Any of the above works will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.

By ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

THE HERESY OF MEHETABEL CLARK.

Small 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 75 cents.

The only criticism that can be made is one of eulogism, first for the perception of the artistic finish, and next for the pathos, tenderness, and grace employed in the illuminating of one great momentous truth. This book of Annie Trumbull Slosson's ought to give comfort to many a vexed and erring soul. It is a poem of the inner life.—*N. Y. Times*.

A charming little volume, quite unique in its conception and execution, and its ethical significance is no less noteworthy than its art.—*Boston Beacon*.

SEVEN DREAMERS. A Collection of Seven Stories. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25.

They are of the best sort of "dialect" stories, full of humor and quaint conceits. Gathered in a volume, with a frontispiece which is a wonderful character sketch, they make one of the best contributions of the light literature of this season.—*Observer*, N. Y.

Stories told with much skill, tenderness, and kindness, so much so that the reader is drawn powerfully towards the poor subjects of them, and soon learns to join the author in looking behind their peculiarities and recognizing special spiritual gifts in them.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The sweetness, the spiciness, the aromatic taste of the forest has crept into these tales.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

 Any of the above works will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.



